

This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + Refrain from automated querying Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at http://books.google.com/





Clay M. Greene



985

GLAY GREEN IS DEAD AT 8

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 5.—C. M. Green, the first American on born in San Francisco and one the city's most distinguished cetributions to the dramatic arts, d at his home, 1135 Green Street, day at the age of 83.

Greene, who had been ill for se eral months following a fall which he sustained a fractured he made his last public appearance the sixth annual presentation "The Passion Play of Santa Clar in April."

A graduate of the class of '69, had written the play when he wat the peak of his form as a dramatist. It was first presented 1901 and has become a tradition California production.

Greene's distinctions in the theiter were many and varied an reached from San Francisco to Lor don. He was the first Shepherd the Lamb's Club in New York, the oldest member of the Behemia Club in San Francisco, and an honorary member of many other or ganizations.

He was still in his teems when he wrote his first play, "Struck Oil in which Maggie Moore and J. C. Williamson acted all over America Miss Moore was a native San Franciscan and the tour took her to Australia where Williamson remained to establish a theater chain and become the most important figure in Australian show business.

The list of great successes in Greene's output of some seventy-five plays includes "Milas," a dramatization of the Bret Harle story which was made for the uses of Annie Pixley; "Chispa," which was written for Marion Elmore: "Sharps and Plats" for Robson and Crane, and "Wang" in which De Wolf Hopper had his success.

It was on a story of Greene's that David Belasco built "The Girl of the Golden West" in which Blanche Bates triumphed. In his lifetime is was an active participant in the theater and age did not dult his interest. As a dramatist, actor, poor, critic and bon vivant Greene was a vivid personality and a profigious worker.

Funeral services have not been announced.



Clay M. Greene, 83, Dies; Famous in City's History

Noted Playwright One of First White Babes in San Francisco Before U. S. Flag

Clay Meredith Greene, 83, grand old man of the American theater, one of the first American children born in San Francisco and oldest living member of the Bohemian Club, died at his home, 1035 Pine street, yesterday, following a prolonged illness.

Actor, playwright and critic, author of the Santa Clara Passion Play and 75 other stage works, Greene had been bedridden since early last May, when he broke a hip in a fall, his injury barring the possibility of ever regaining the use

of his legs.

With him at his bedside when he passed away were his wife, his daughter, Mrs. Marion Bryant, and his two grandchildren, Barbara, 11, and Frederick William Bryant, 14.

BORN HERE IN 1850

Mr. Greene, who held the distinction of being elected shepherd of the Lambs, New York's famous actor group, on 11 different occasions, was born here March 12, 1850, six months before California was admitted to the Union. His father was Colonel William Greene, president of the city's first Board of Aldermen.

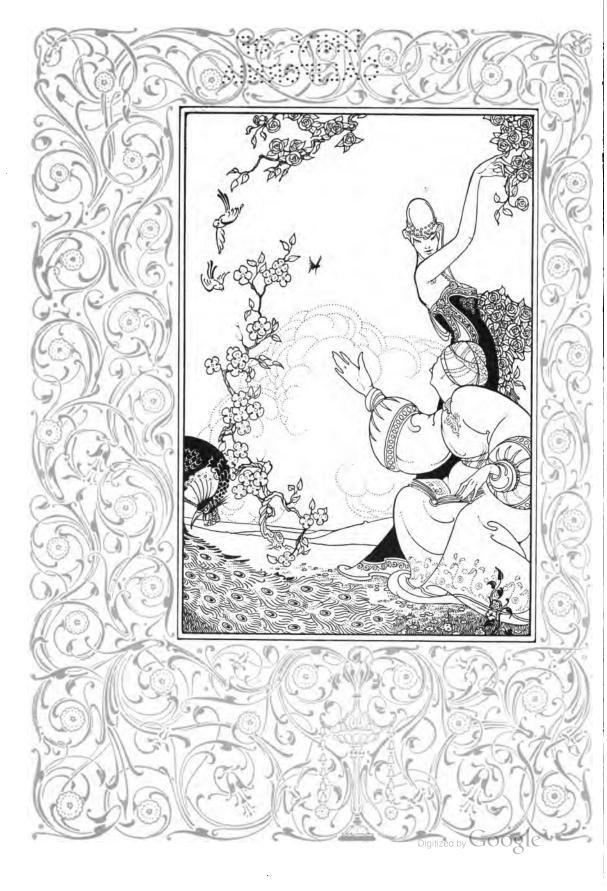


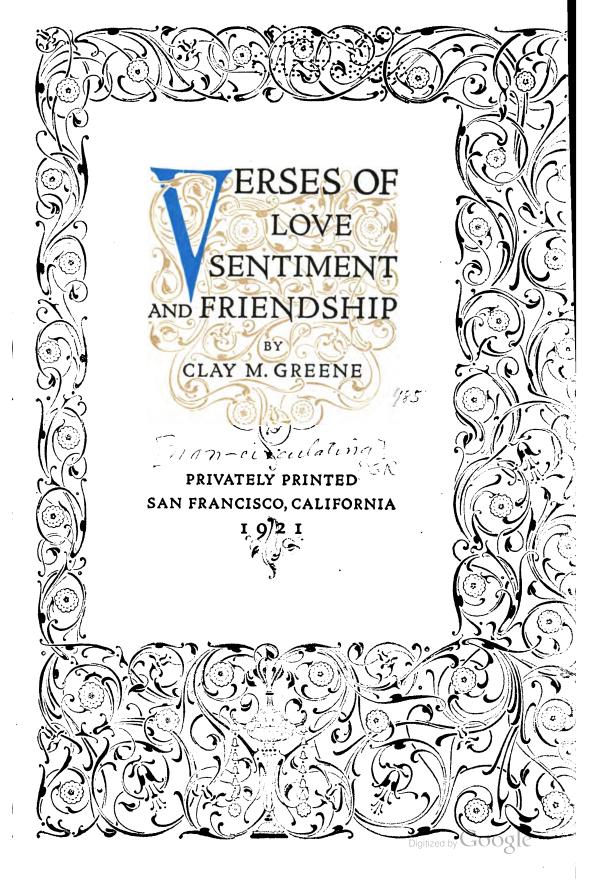
Address all inquiries to Ninon,

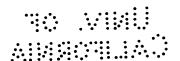


whole widet in the East I would buy a hice not buy a hice novelty woollen onesared frock with red in it and a saucy little red hat and handbag, and this will be your travel costume, carrying the fur coat. The missible maybe you will make this permissible maybe you will wear it. And this same costume will be a continued joy through the will be a continued joy through the will be a perhaps you can allord a second perhaps you can allord a second wollen frock, too. The blue coat with the grey tox will be saved for with the grey with the grey for with the grey with

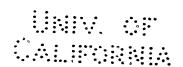
LALEDRA A







COPYRIGHT, 1921
By CLAY M. GREENE
SAN FRANCISCO



TO ADOLPH B. SPRECKELS
IN GRATEFUL APPRECIATION OF
THE FRIENDLY ENCOURAGEMENT
THAT INSPIRED THE MAKING OF

THIS BOOK
THIS BOOK
THIS BOOK



461989

TO VIVIL ANAROTIJAŠ

Clay M. Greene, 81, Fetes Birthday

Still young in spirit and active in literary work, Clay M. Greene, playwright and critic, yesterday celebrated his eighty-first birthday and twentieth wedding anniversary at his home, 1135 Green street.

The author was congratulated and his work extolled by a host of friends who gathered at the Greene home last night at an impromptu party. Chief speakers were James Swinnerton, president of the Bohemian Club, and Edward F. O'Day, writer.

Greene was born March 12, 1850. He has been a member of the Bohemian Club for fifty-five years and is the author of half a hundred plays.

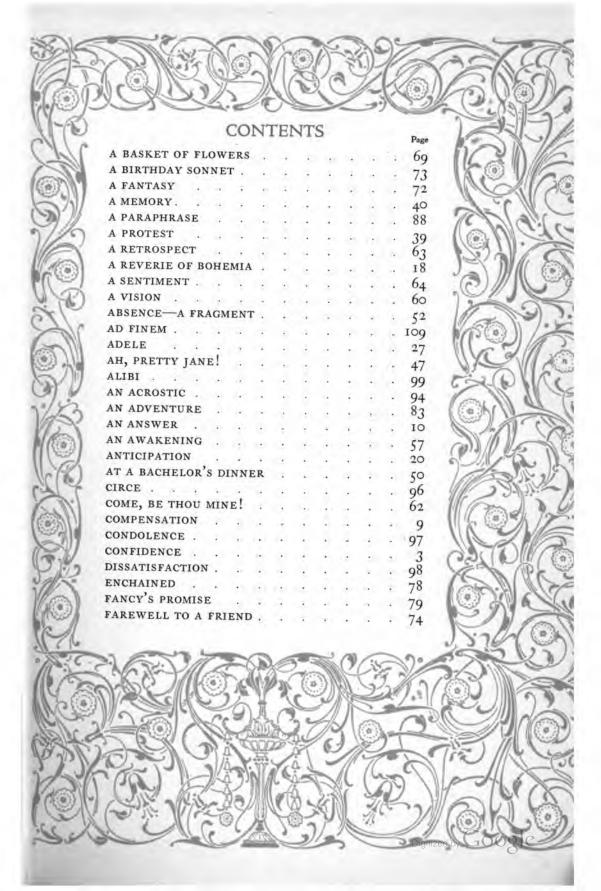
FOREWORD

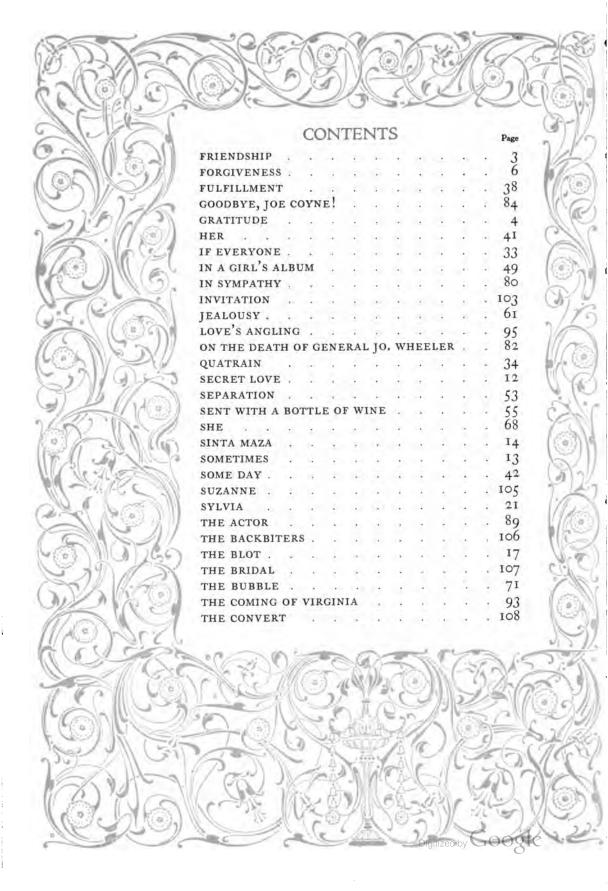
This collection of varied reminiscences along the devious pathways of a checkered career is published merely because my friends wished it and my vanity yielded

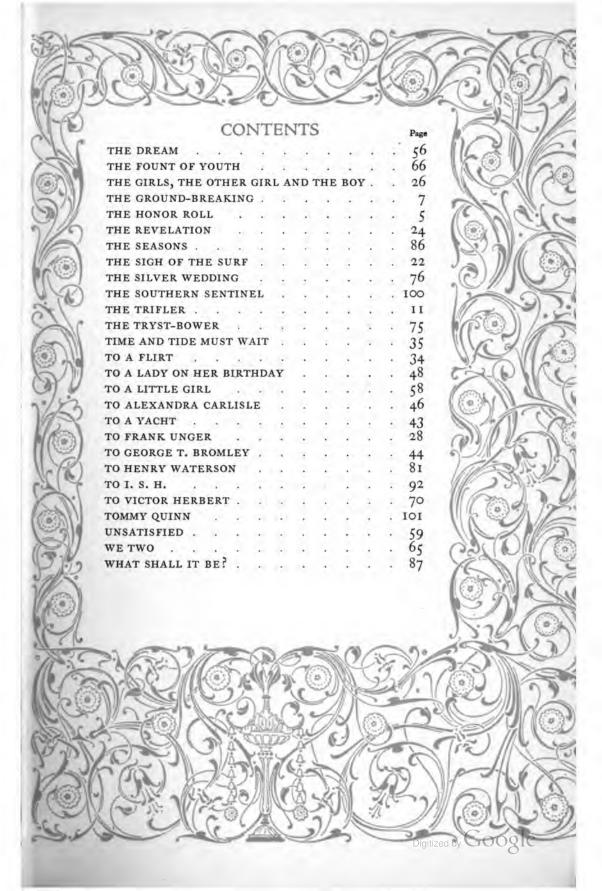
Clay helpseene who sentered .

the university .

on its opening in oakland in 1869 and is proud of the honor of representation in its library in the day of its greatness







Content in Bohemia

T

AM come from the Spirit of Sweet Content
In search of that Golden Fleece
That's shorn for the shoulders of Sentiment
In the region of perfect peace.
I know there are men who are deaf to aught
But the sordid demand of pelf;
I know there are those who are ever taught
That there's nothing worth while but self.
I know there are thousands who've played and lost,
Despising the hosts who've won,
And millions dream not as the bridges they've crossed,
Of the risks that the builders have run.

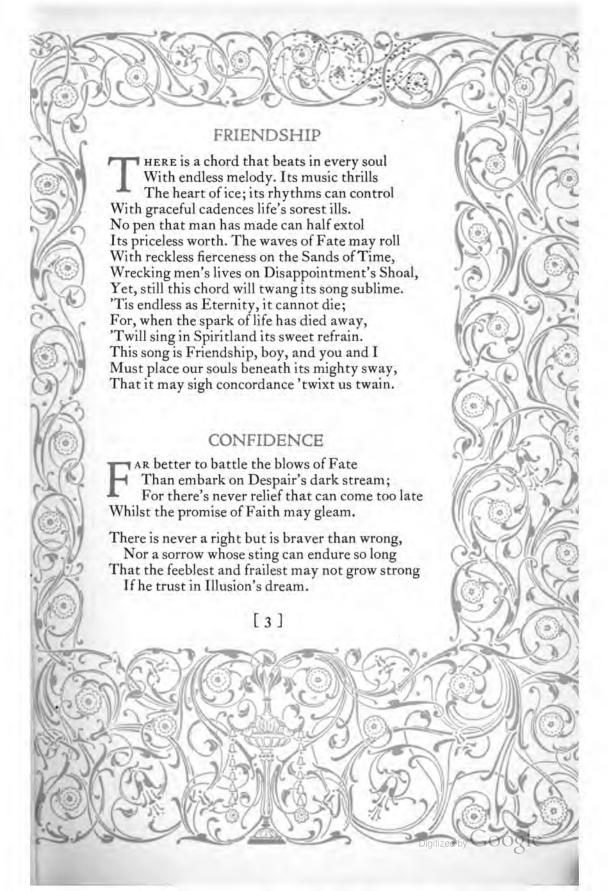
Now I hold and believe
That the good we receive,
The success of brave effort reflects,
While the failures that sting,
And the fortunes awing
Are the fruits of unwitting neglects—
So why curse the wealth of the wiser than we,
When, alike for us all, Nature's treasures are free.

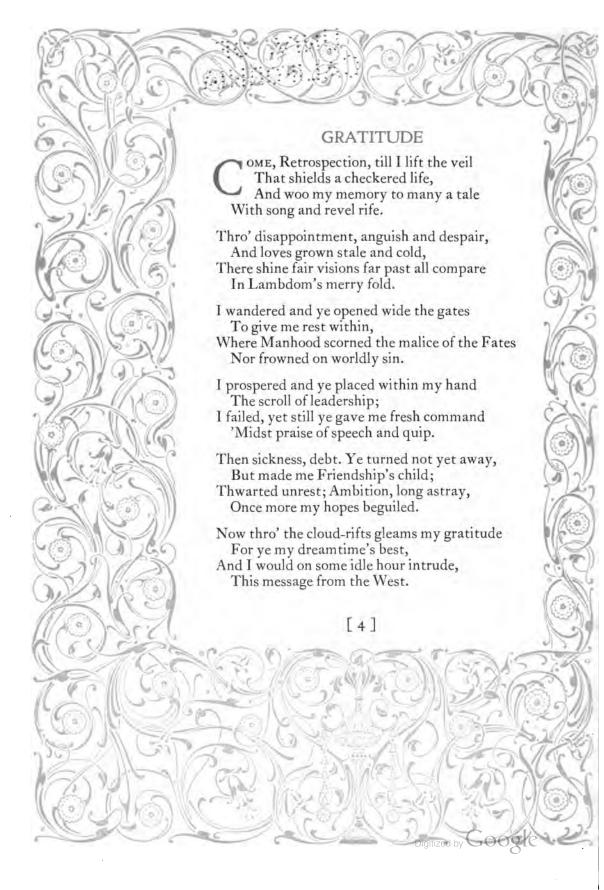
II

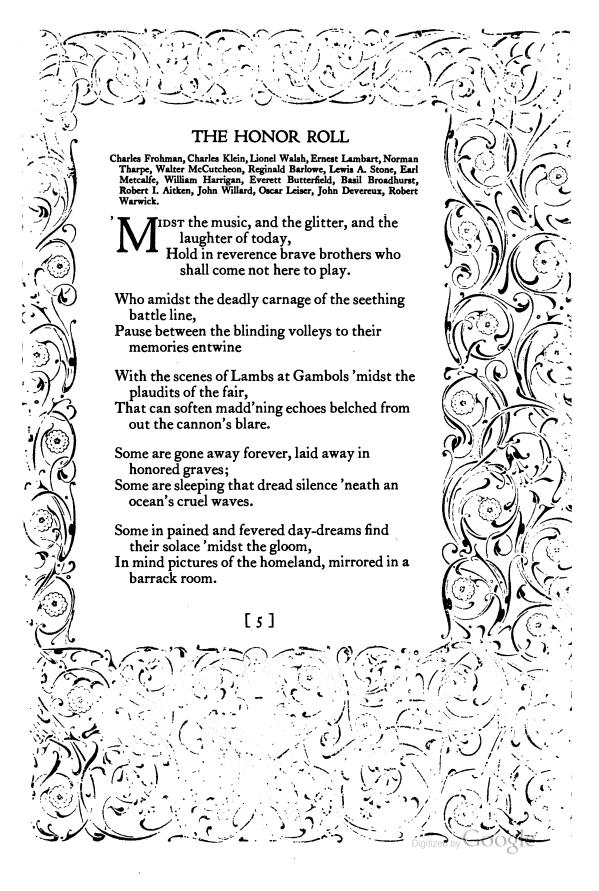
I wandered last night through the fragrant shades
Of Bohemia's forest domain,
And I searched through the mist of the shadowy glades
For a thought that was evil in vain.
There was never a sob in the sighing winds
That swept through the mighty trees
To summon the tear that the vision blinds
When we call back old memories.
And then, spirit wraiths from the bygone days
Led my way through the friendly shades,
And spoke but of the gladness that comes of praise
In the kinship that never fades.

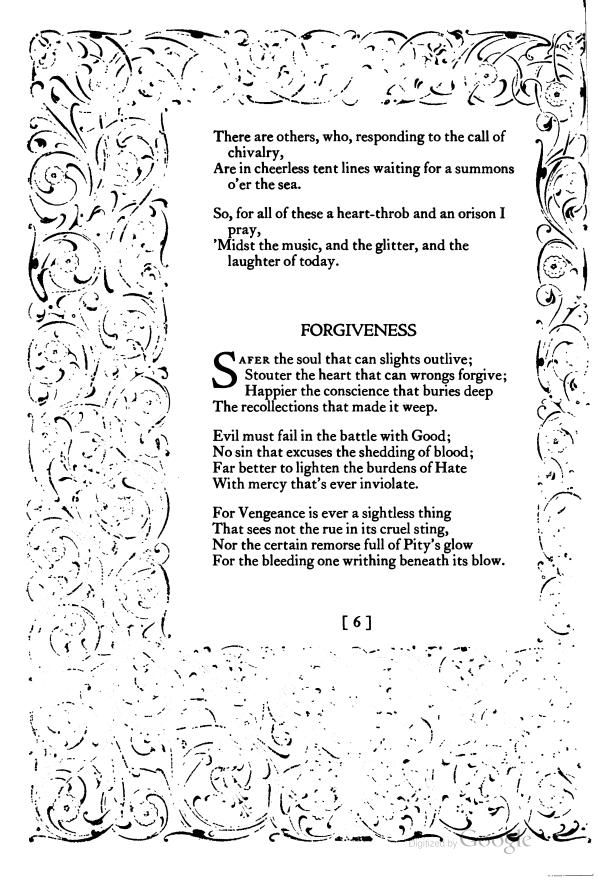
And the tears we have shed
For our friends that are dead,
Were forgot in that King of Nights,
As we wandered along
Full of old time song,
And old jestings in whispering flights.
And those voices of wraiths were as true in tone
As the thrill of a soul when its sighings have flown.

VERSES OF LOVE, SENTIMENT AND FRIENDSHIP











To Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Spreckels on the laying of the corner stone of the California Palace of Honor

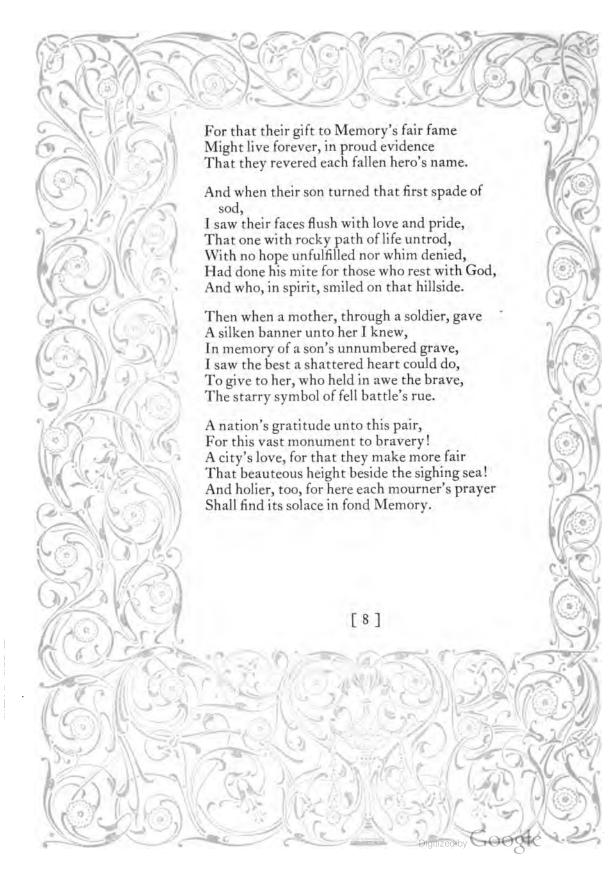
Sing to me, Muse, for I would twang my lyre
In tuneful harmony with roundelay,
Anent a mother fair, and noble sire,
Who gave to History and Fame today
What stirred my soul to patriotic fire,
And sentiments that never shall away.

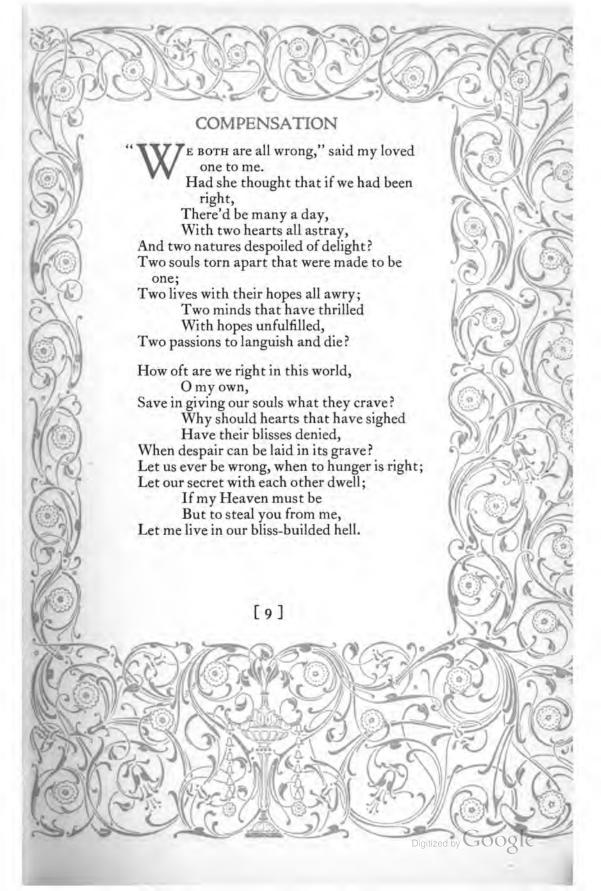
Upon a height majestic, where the sea Murmured upon the shore its soft refrain, Gathered a city's throng that seemed to be Full of soul-praises for this honored twain, Who reigned in undisputed majesty, O'er wealth's great realm of power not won in vain.

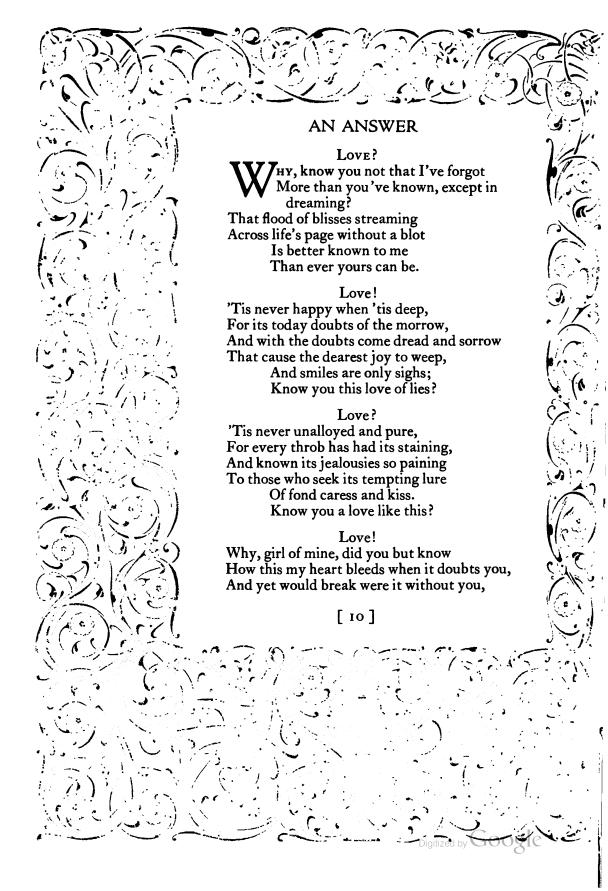
For power too oft is wielded for the strong;
Too oft denies the weak the strength to live.
But these two ever sang the soothing song
Of Charity, that liveth but to give,
And poured from out their store not filled
through wrong,
Nor leavened by deceit's prerogative.

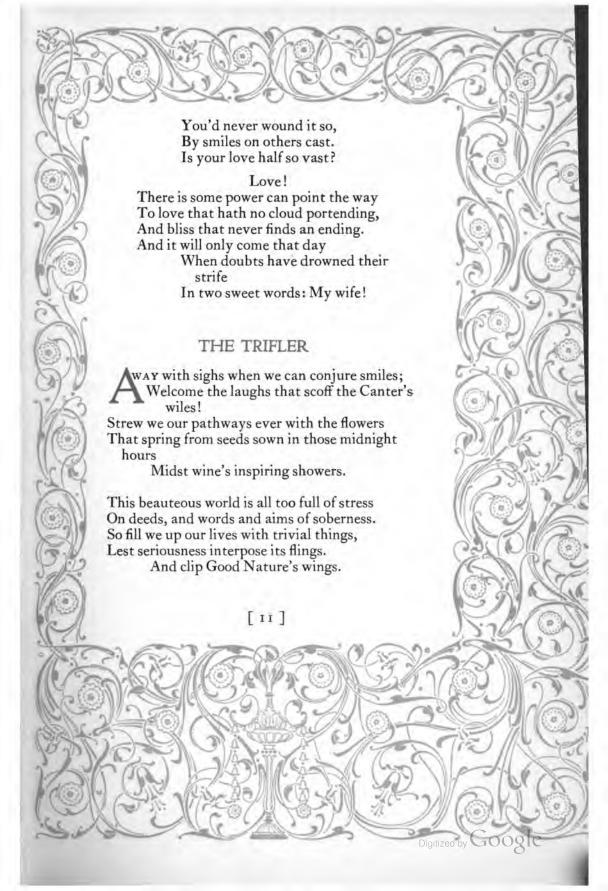
I saw these two honored with reverence, Upon that wondrous height, by those who came To bow in thanks untinged with dull pretense,

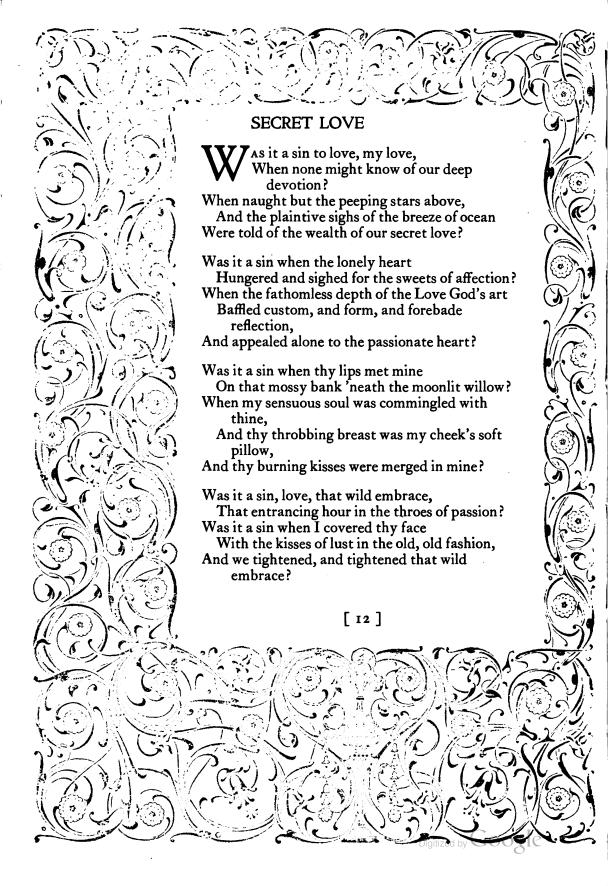
[7]

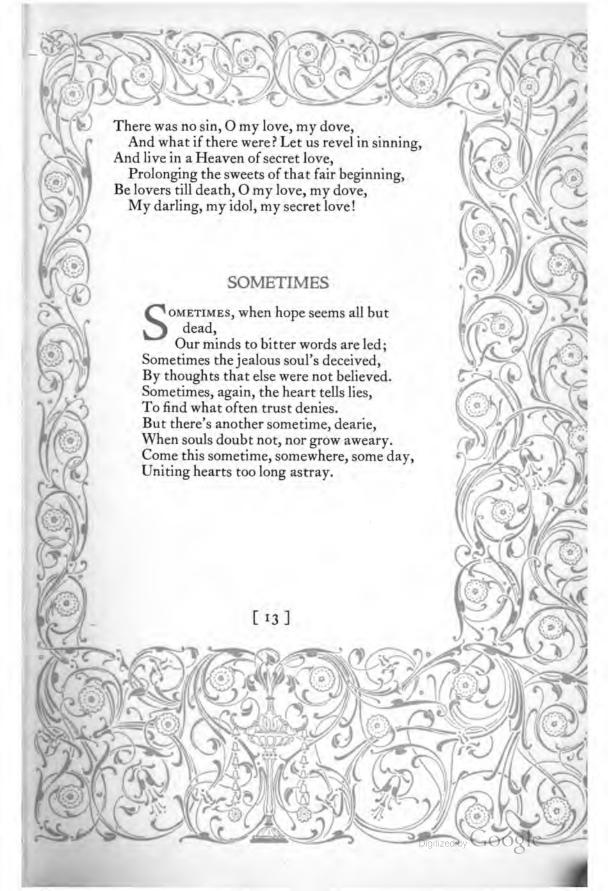


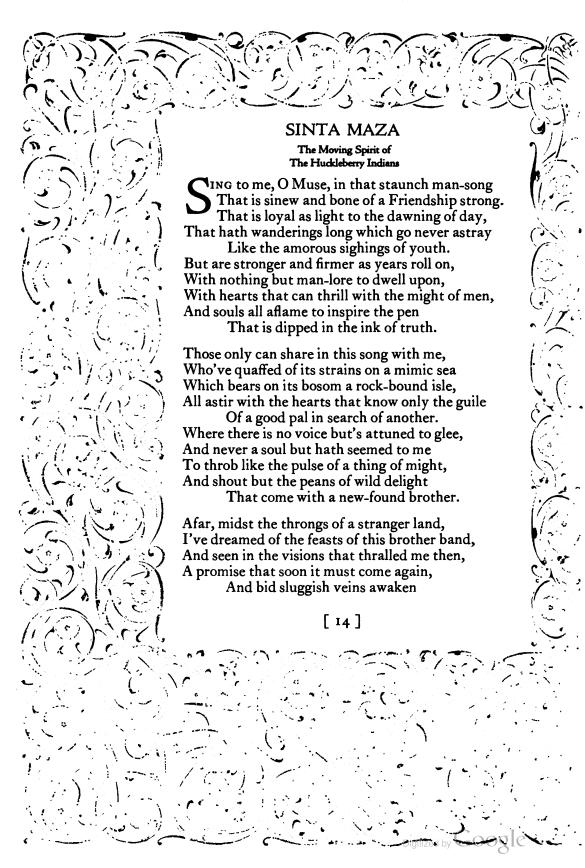


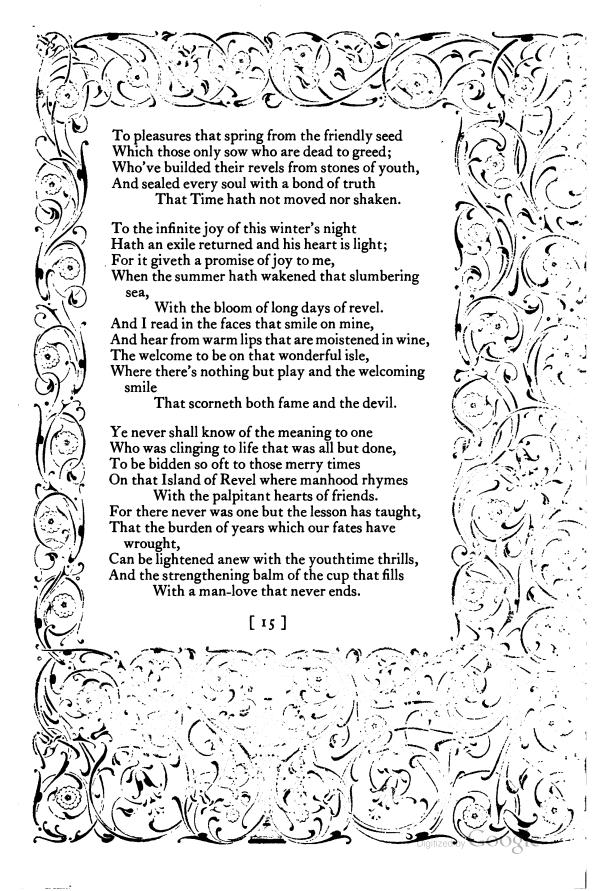




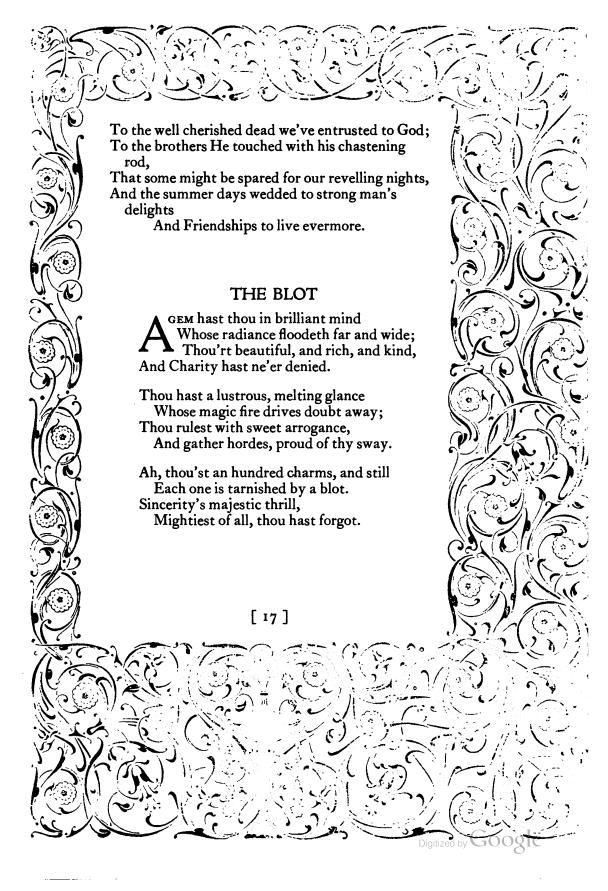


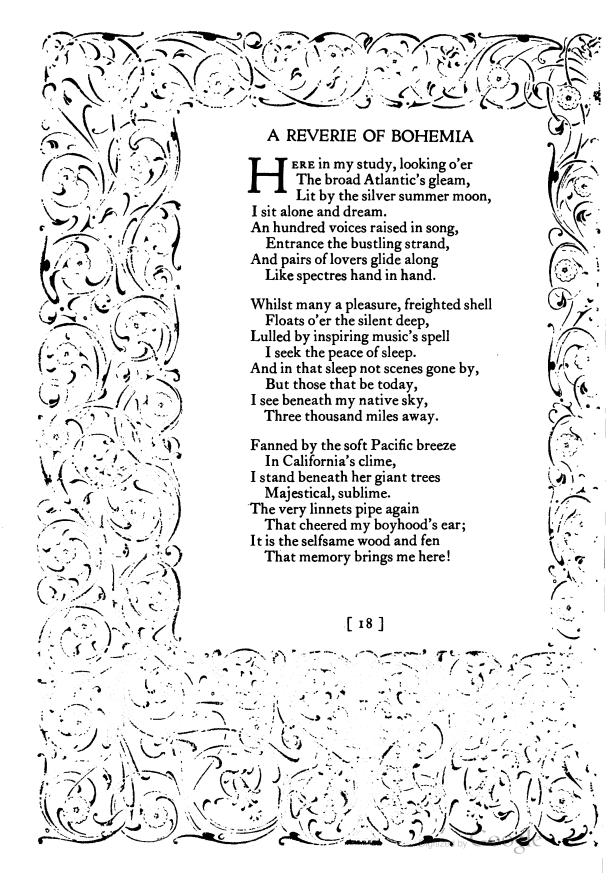


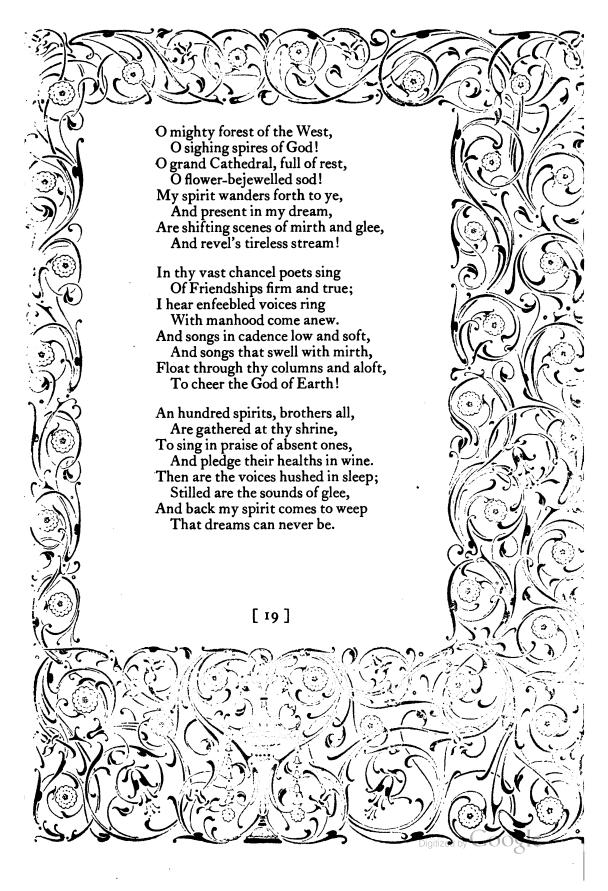


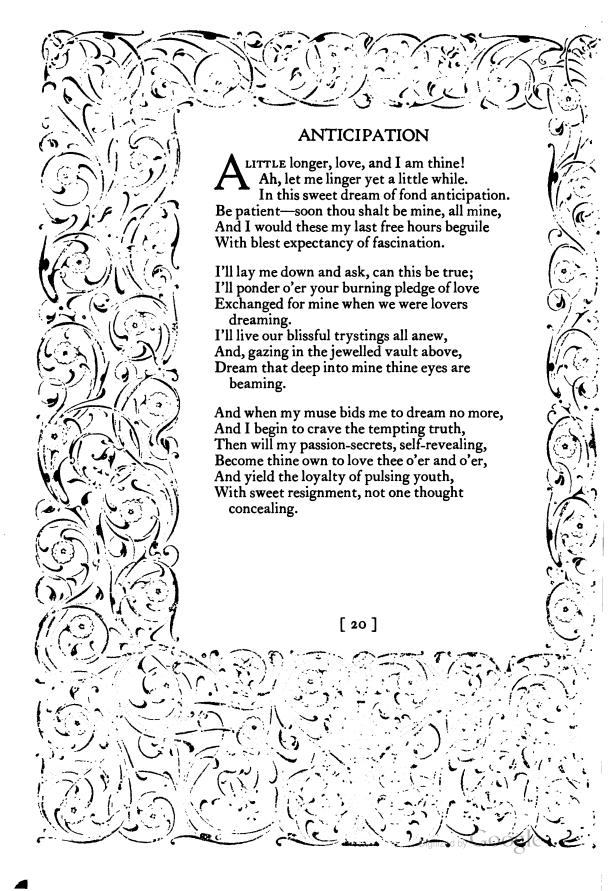


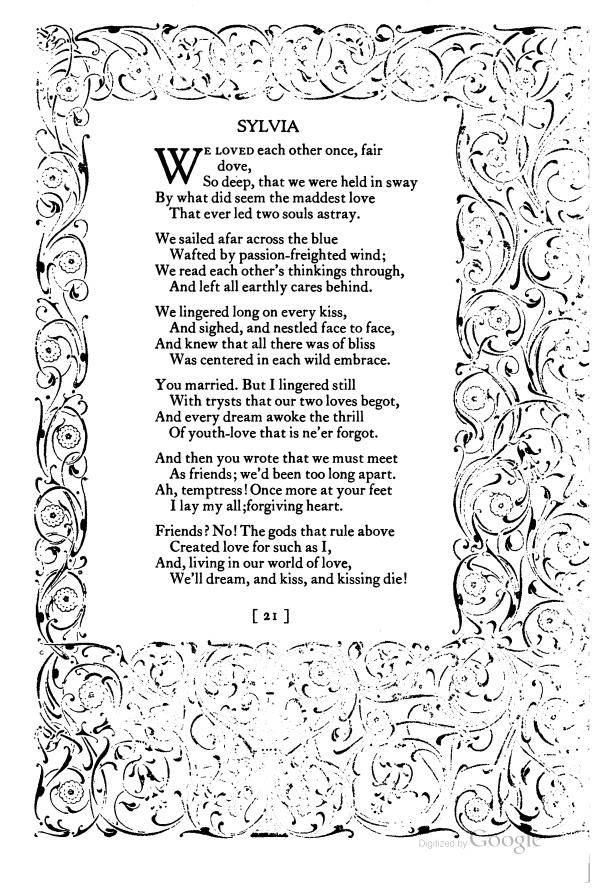
But alas! there were those of that magical isle, Who will greet me no more with the hand-clasp and smile That were wont to make stronger the thrills of a day, Driving all of the clouds of misfortune away, And leaving me youthful again. So, memory's thrall shall be always there, And keep ever its spirit smiles everywhere, To gladden the hearts of the gladsome throng, And leaven their cups with wine that's strong As the passions of manly men. Now my heart close to your hearts would nestle alway; My thoughts and my pen shall be lured into play, So that what I have learned may be given to you, For I wot of no band that's so loyal and true, Be your orgies as deep as they may. My trust and my manhood I'll barter for yours, For I know that your hearts are aglow with the lures That bring to the weary that comfort and rest Of a life that but lives for the joys that are best, And the thrills that die not in a day. Let me pledge ye this toast, merry tribesmen of mine! Drown the sighs for the sleeping in flagons of wine, And drink to that wakening certain to be, When we revel no more on that isle by the sea, And are met on Eternity's shore: [16]

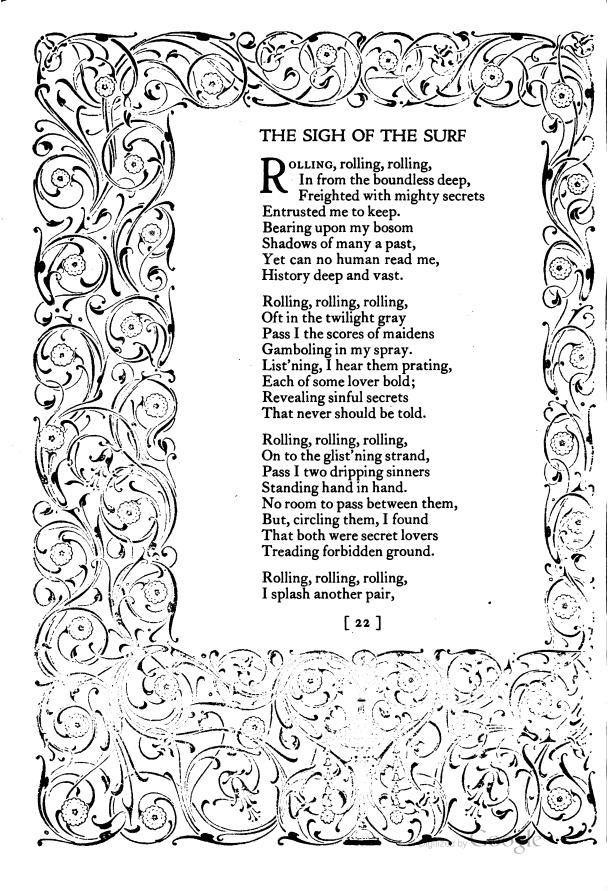


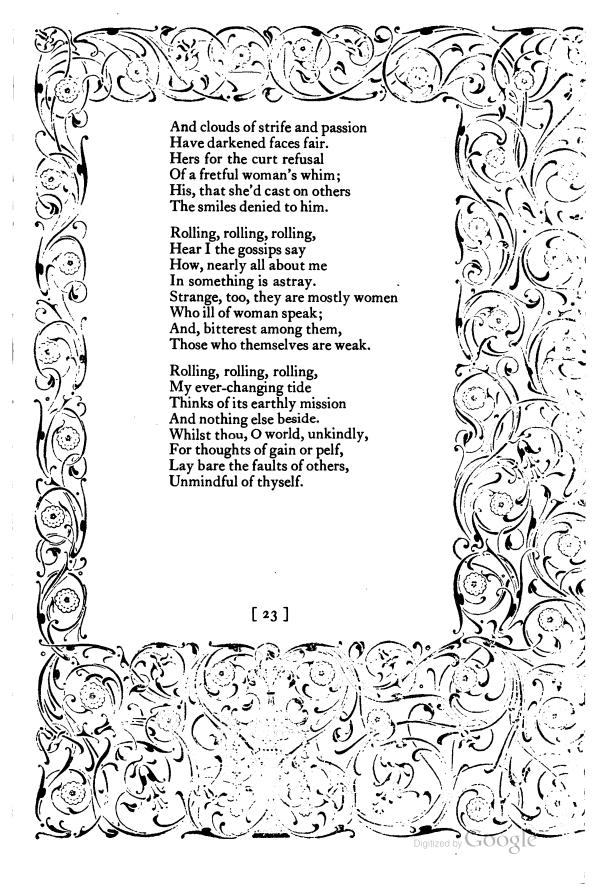


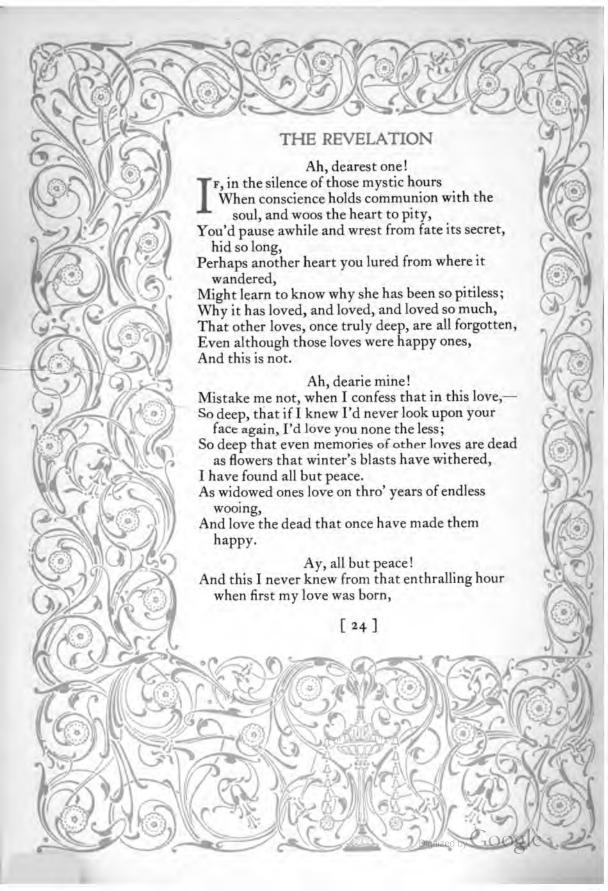


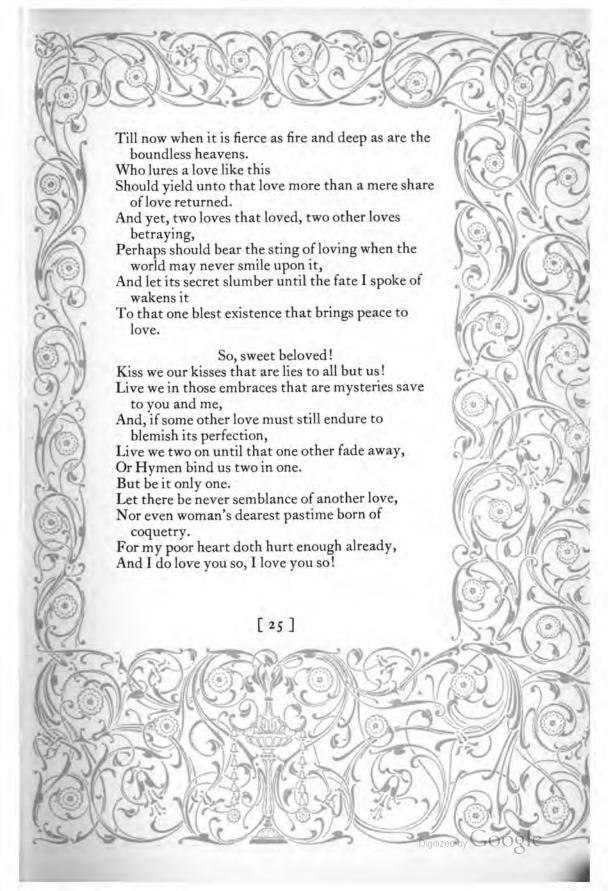


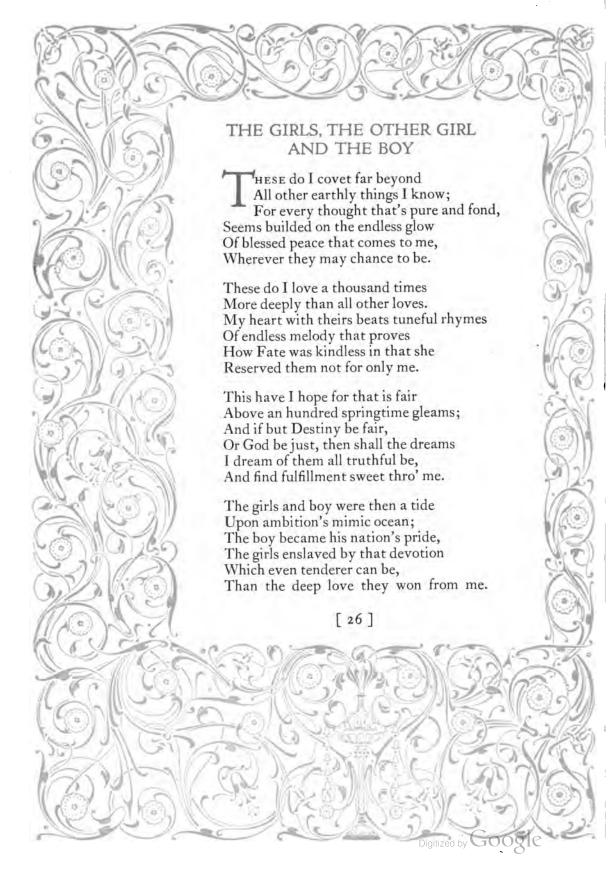


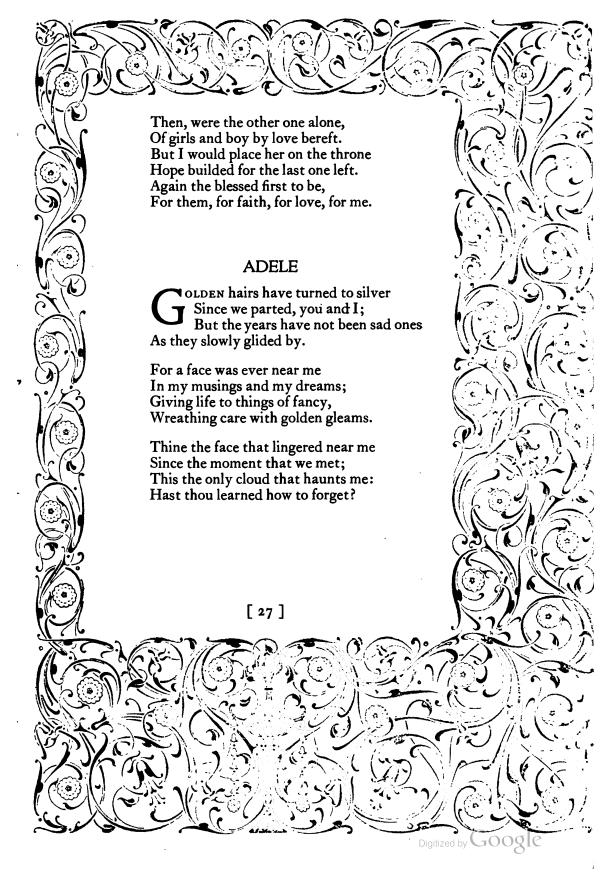


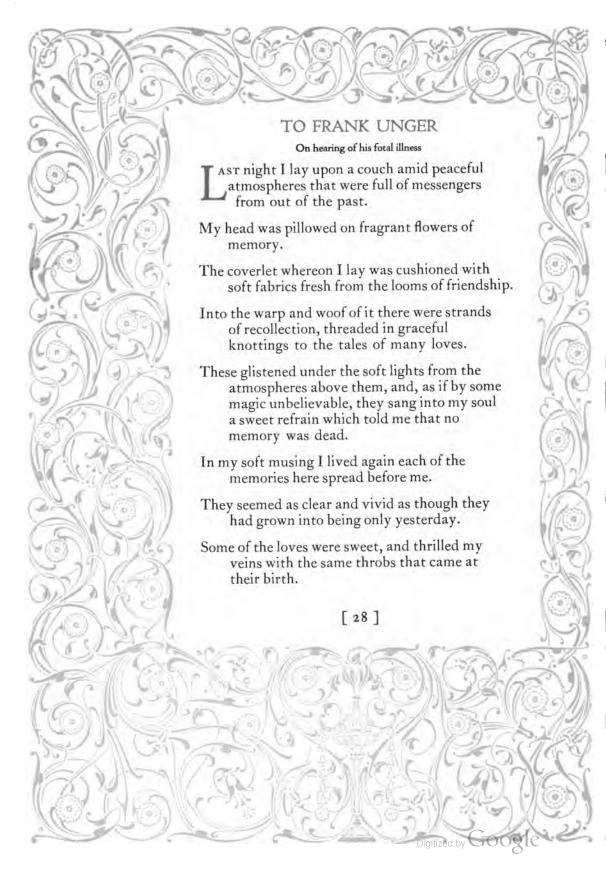


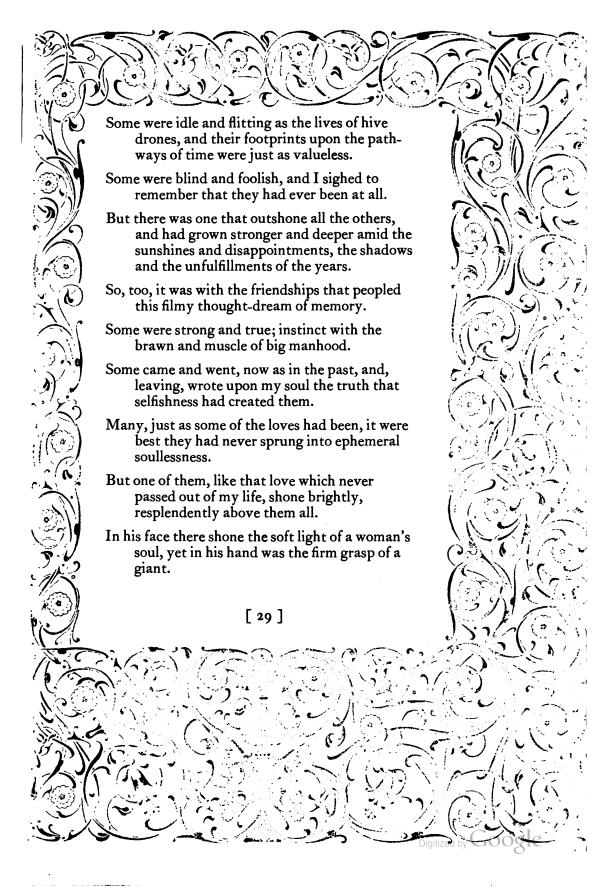


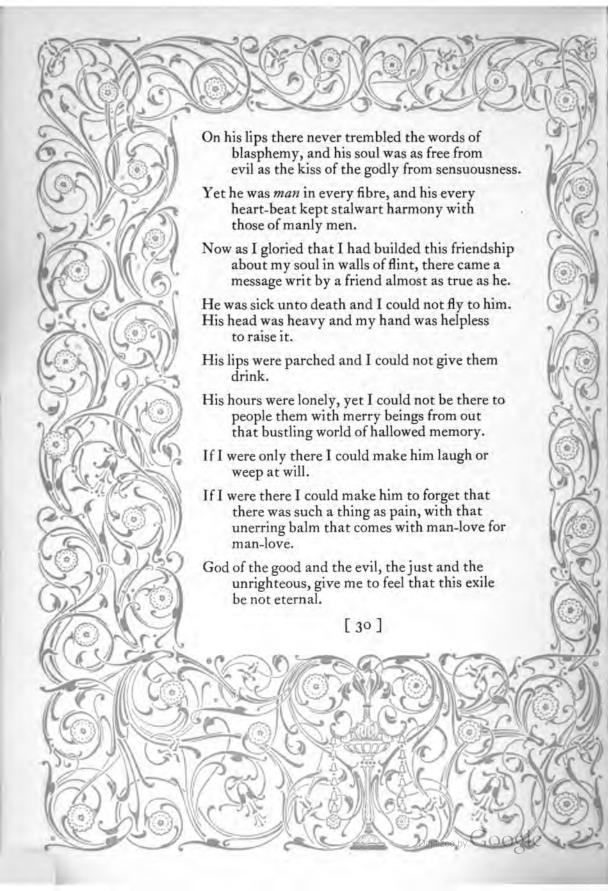


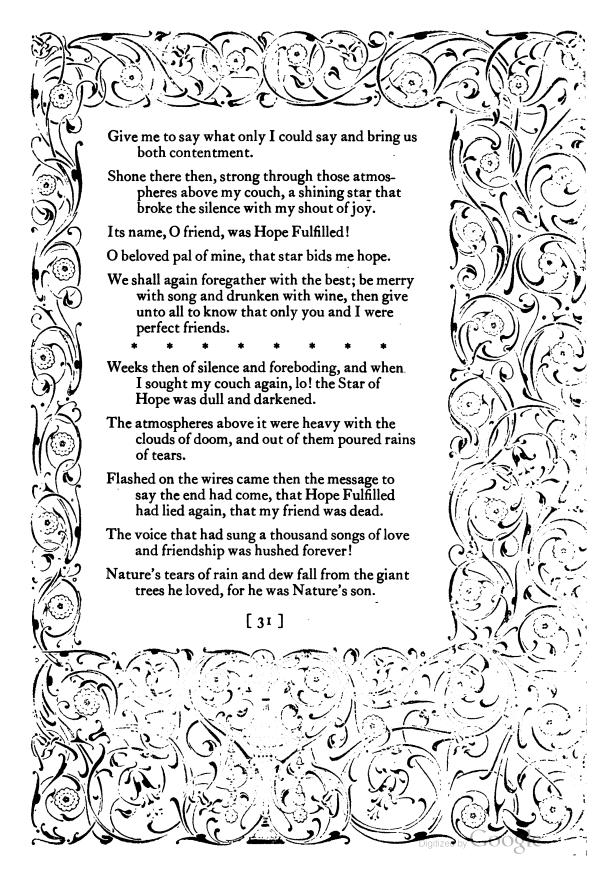


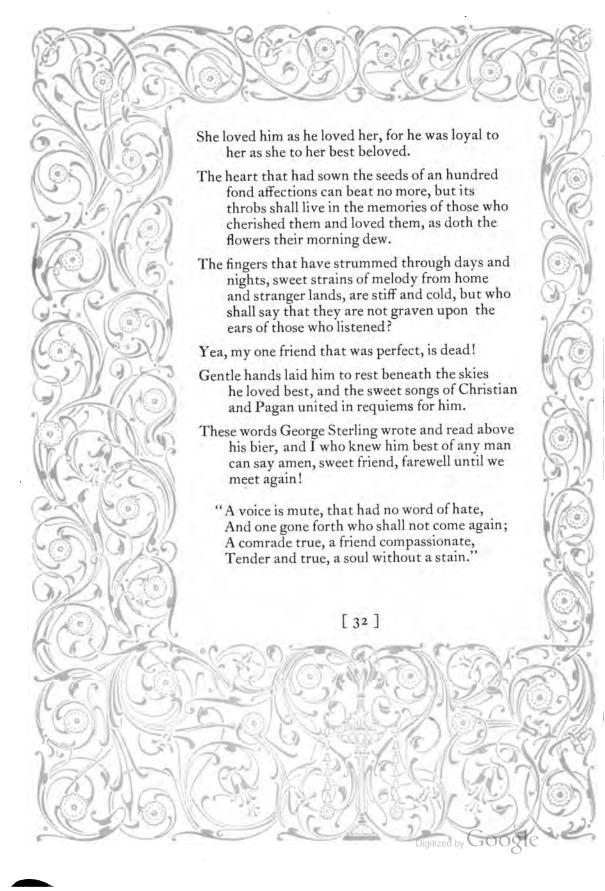


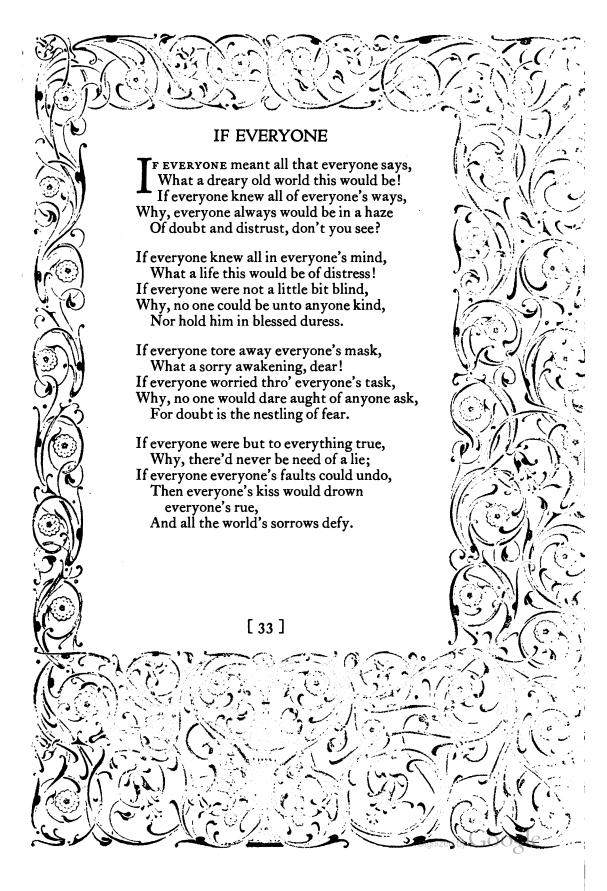


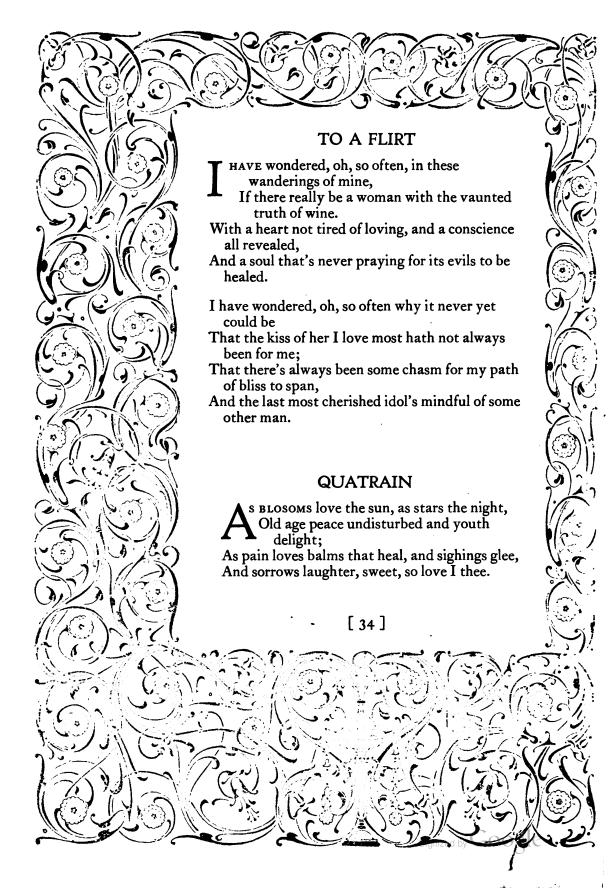


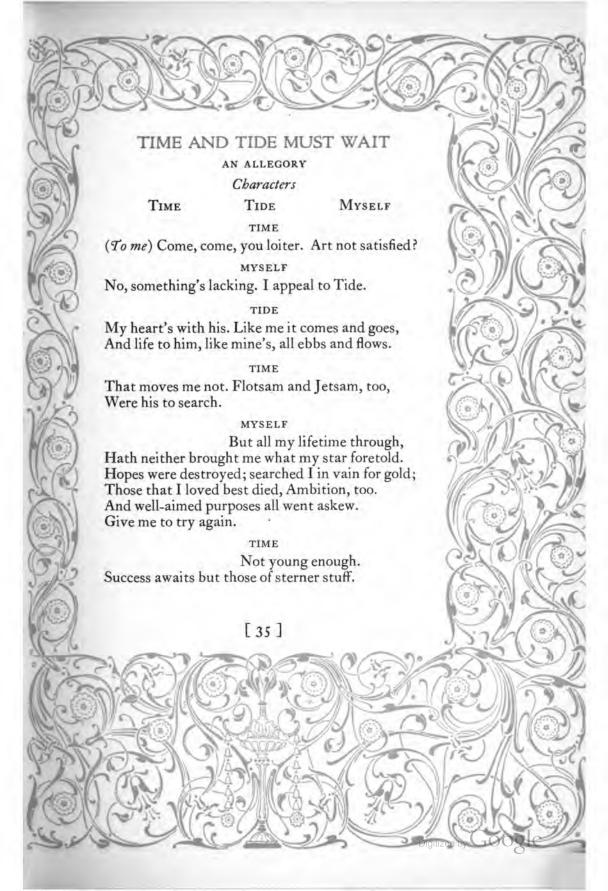


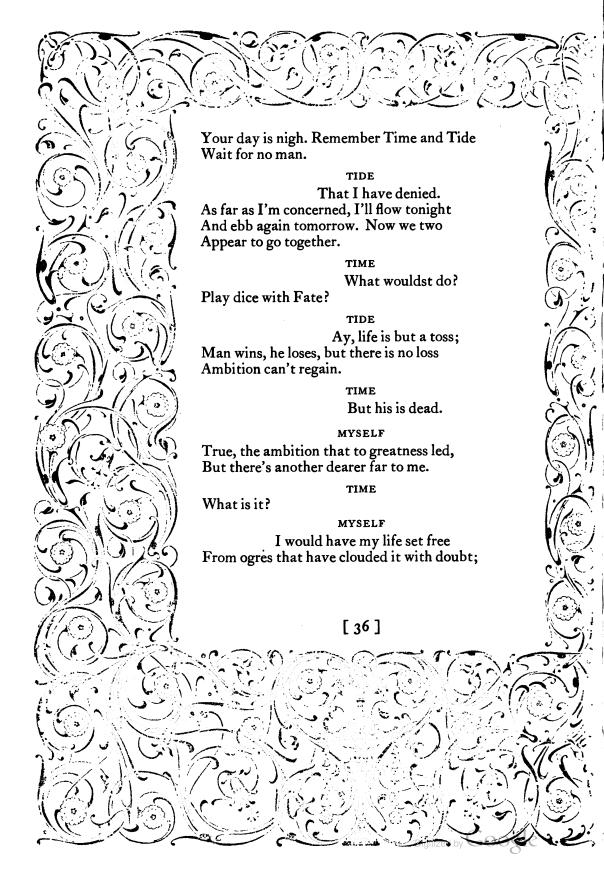




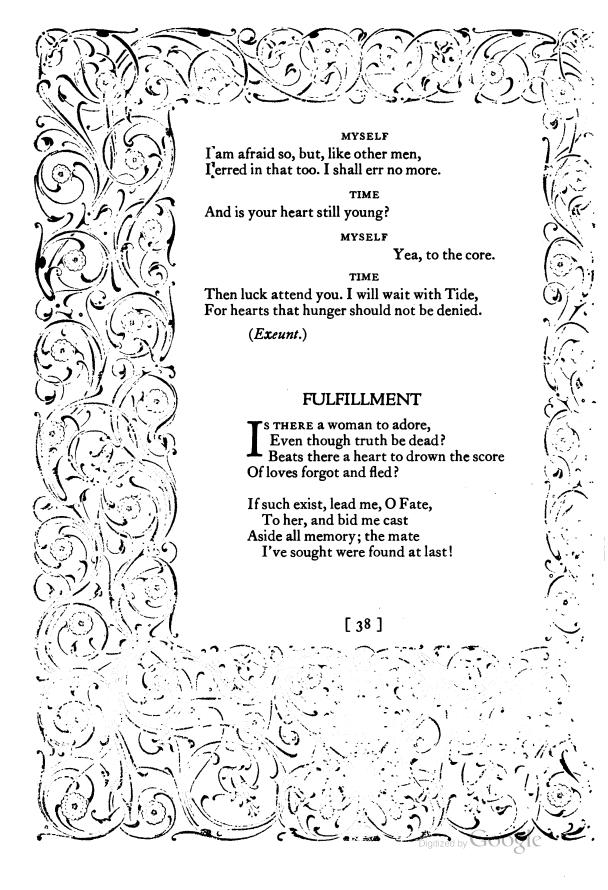


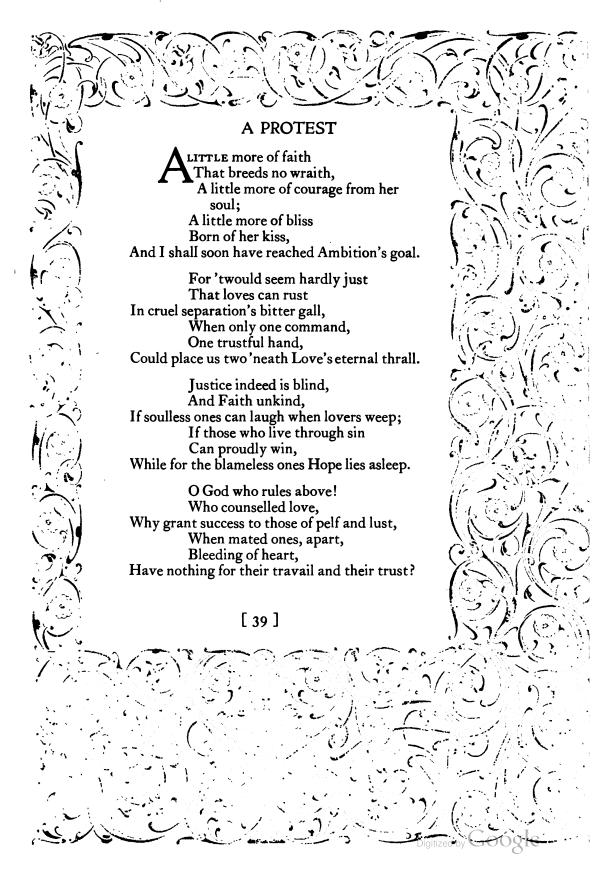






Worms that have gnawed my heart within, without. There are destroying evils I'd dispel, To make a Paradise of what is hell. TIME You mean the world? MYSELF Of course. TIME You made it so. MYSELF That's true enough, but listen: There's no woe But there's a joy to heal it. There's no sorrow Without the laugh to dry its tears. Tomorrow Hath good to down the evil of today. Not young enough? Leave that for one to say— If such there be alive—who hath the power To cause me to forget that dark'ning hour When once again I loved to find I'd erred; I'd breathed a prayer that but a wanton heard, And led me into hells of doubt. She lives! As there's a God who mortal sin forgives, So must there be some power, Time, to decree That what Fate hath denied my destiny Is mine to win. TIME Thou art in love again? [37]







In awe some thrill, thrice met mine eyes her own;
Thrice touched my fingers here then

Thrice touched my fingers hers, then passed away

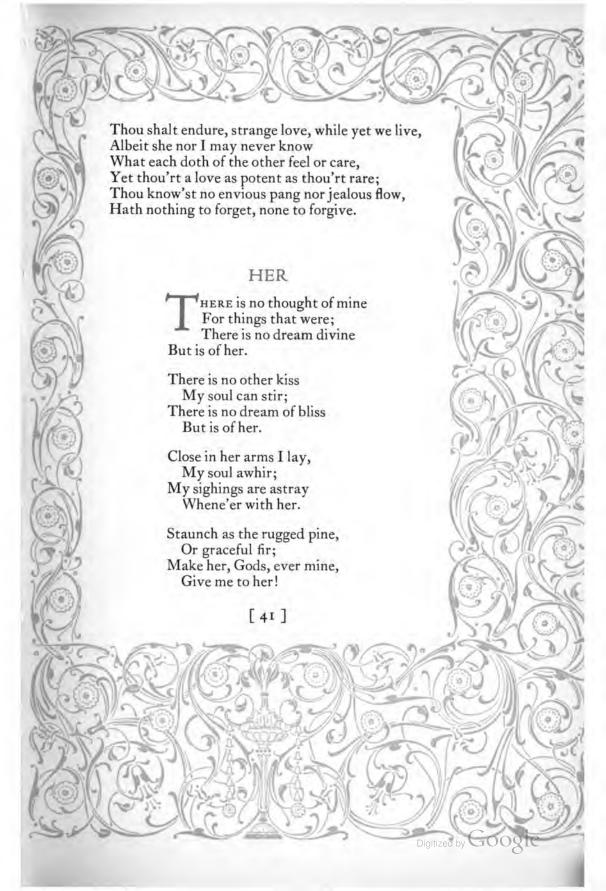
Life's fairest vision into memory.
Then comes back retrospection, for I see
Again the face that thrilled my soul one day,
Lit by the fairest eyes that ever shone!

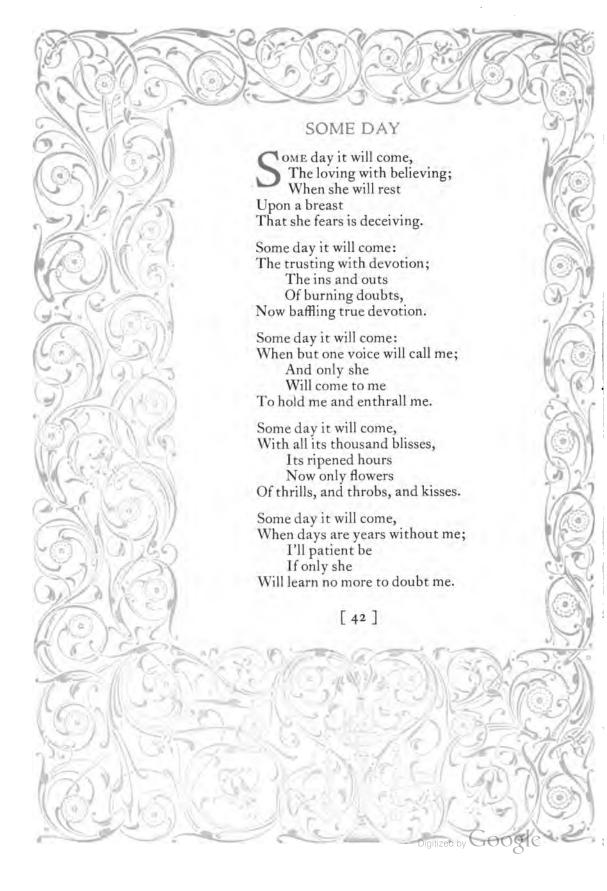
Our lips are wide apart as earth from sun; Our hopes forefend a kindred recompense, Still am I thrilled, musing again on her, Picturing blissful hours that never were, And then, misleading reason, fact and sense, Paint me a stream of bliss that cannot run.

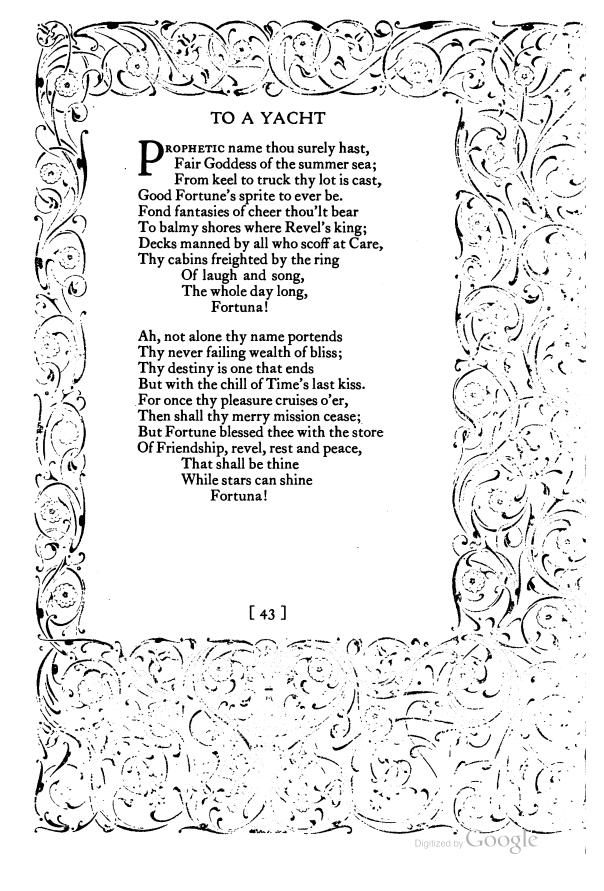
Men live to die, hopes come to be dispelled; Dynasties fade away and nations fall. But this soul-dream of mine, scornful of these, Buildeth its fabrics, airy as the breeze Of summer's morn, and grieveth not at all For that her hand may ne'er in mine be held.

Strange art thou not, O love that hath no wound; That needs no kiss to seal thy bond of faith, Nor a caress to drive mistrust away? Yet thou'rt as true as is the night to day; Without a longing, fearing, pang or wraith, For thou'rt a grail that was not sought nor found.

[40]







TO GEORGE T. BROMLEY

On his Eighty-fourth Birthday

Thro' years that never aught but manly lustre shed,
He whom we feast today has laughed at Time,
And, with the reaper in his hand, lopped off the head
Of each conspirer 'gainst the bond sublime

That seals man's heart to man's.
Thro' days, and nights, and weeks, and months of
merry years,
That rugged heart of his has only beat

For Friendship and for Friendship's cause, nor sighs nor tears

Have stilled its endless flow of nature sweet,

That held Bohemia's clans.

Thro' countless revels that were big with song and

wit,

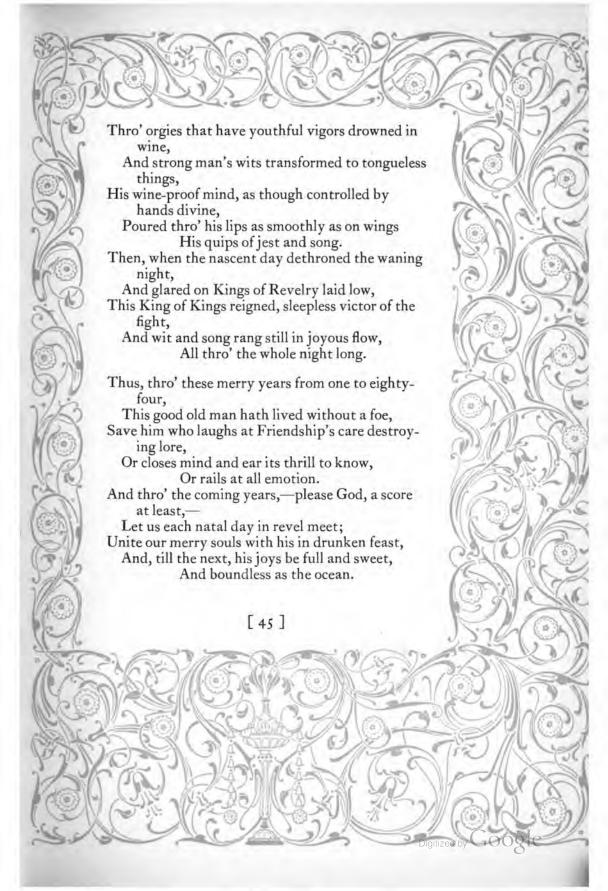
His voice rang out, the blithest of the best;

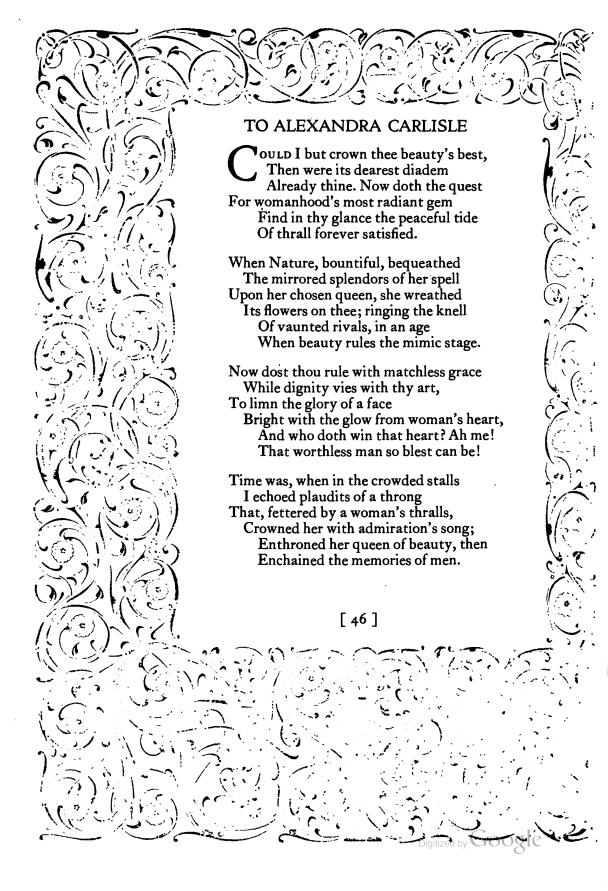
His tongue framed words as sage as Plato's

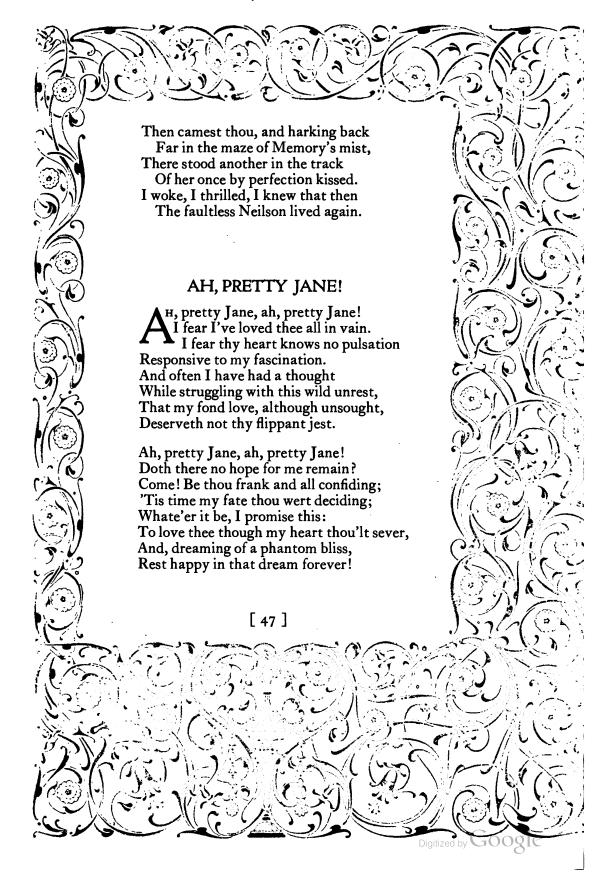
greatness writ,
His soul enlisted to an endless quest
For natures lost to joy.

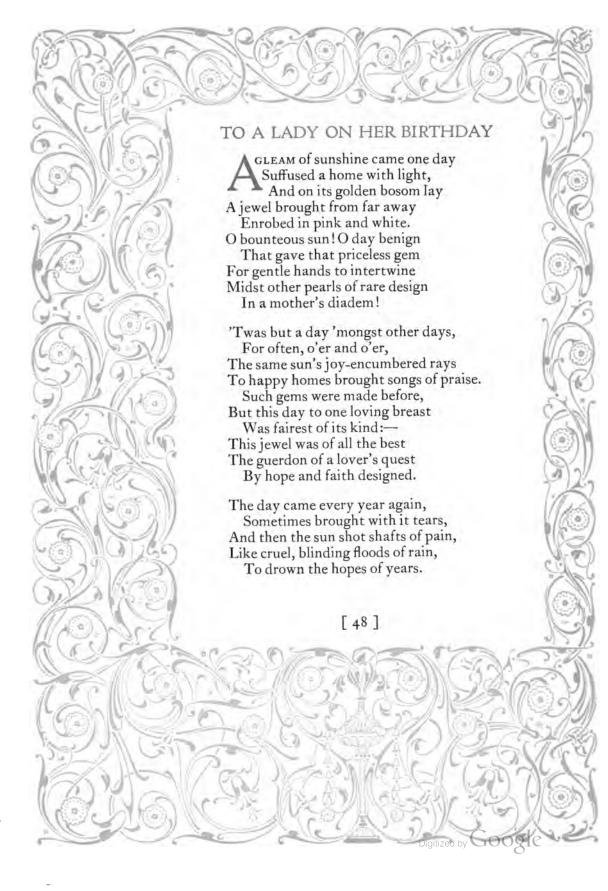
On every atmosphere he breathed the life of cheer Wreathed all in smiles. Men loved him better far Than ever woman loved her lord. For none sincere As Friend-love, which no jealous lust can mar, Nor passion's thrill alloy.

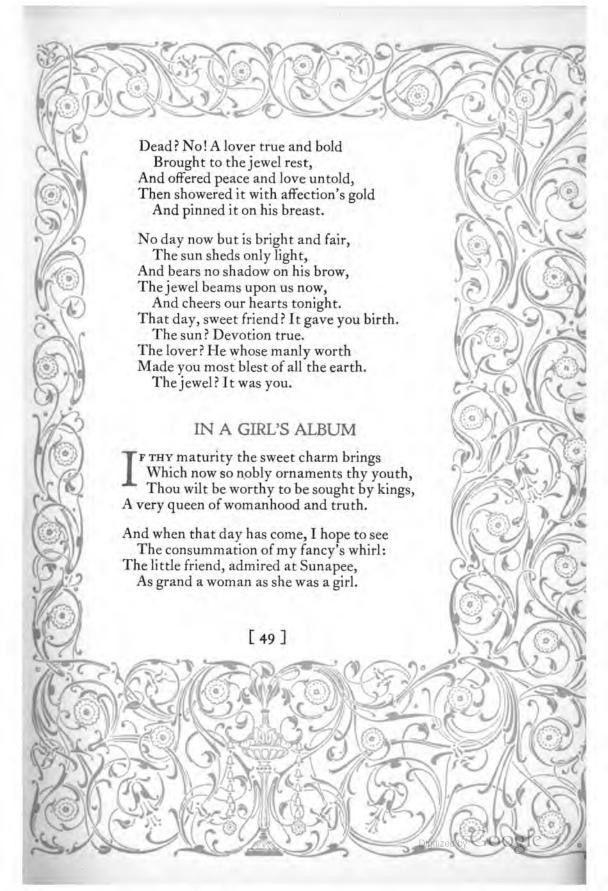
[44]













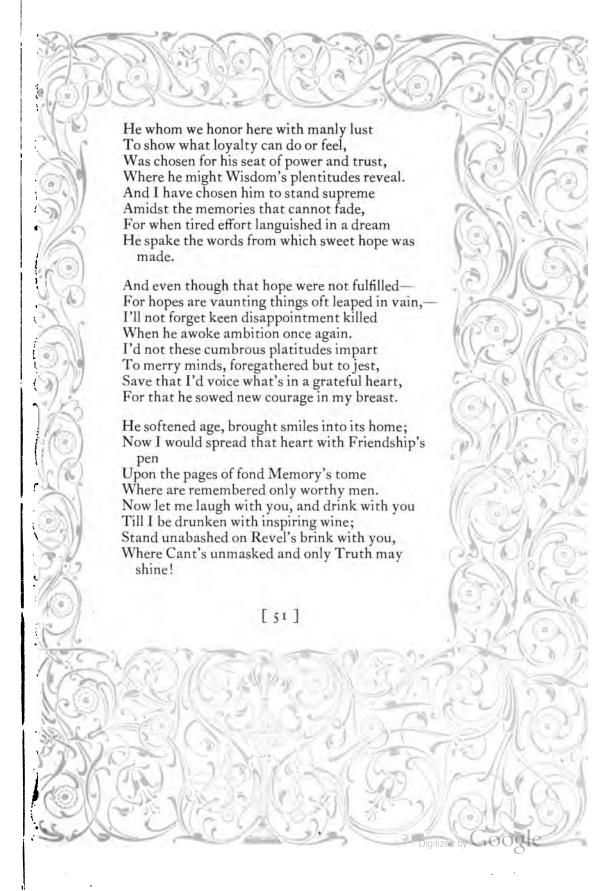
Given to William F. Humphrey

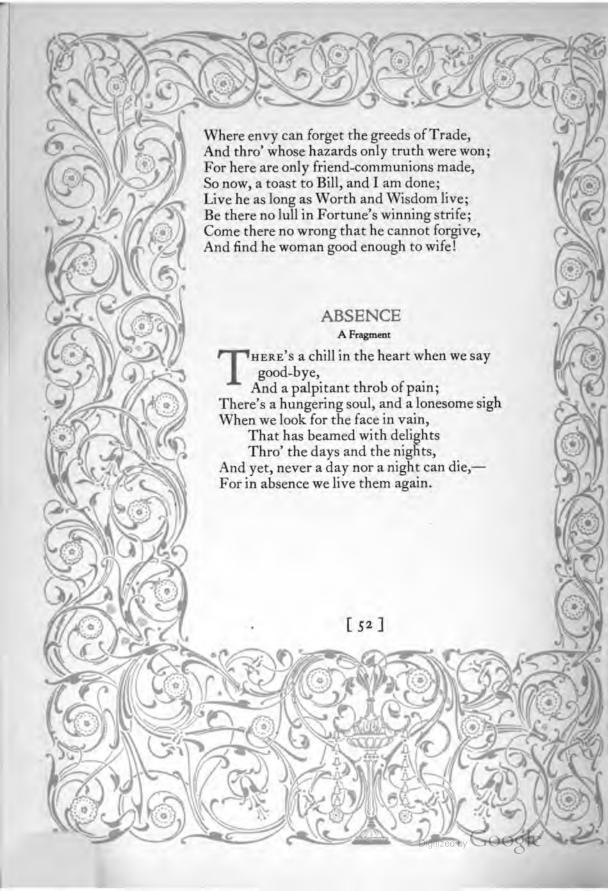
HERE's power in criticism made in fun,
And who'd condemn equivocation's jest?
But neither criticism, joke, nor pun
Has ever gotten "underneath the vest."
For there equivocation's heart's concealed;
Into its depths no flippancies intrude,
And there cheap wit sleeps, ever unrevealed,

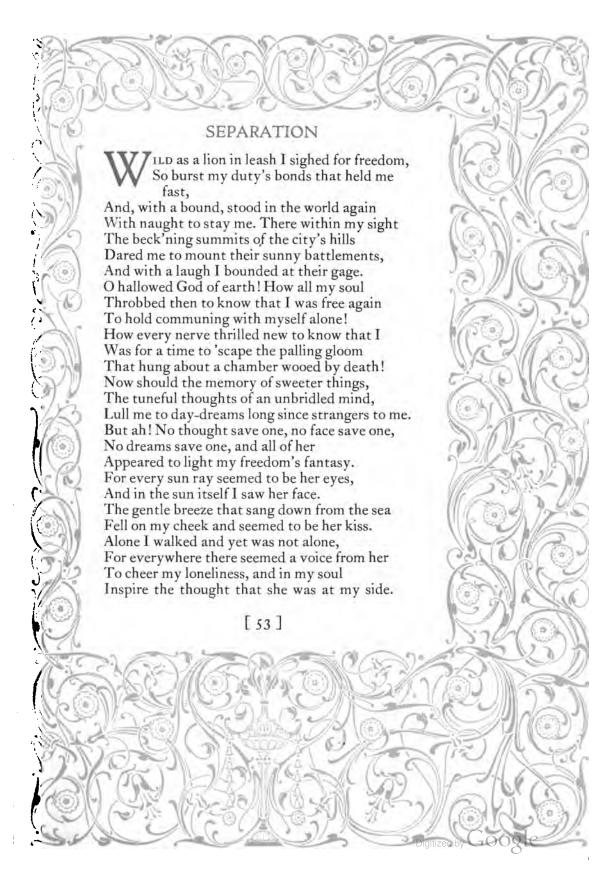
Beneath the throbs of Friendship's gratitude.

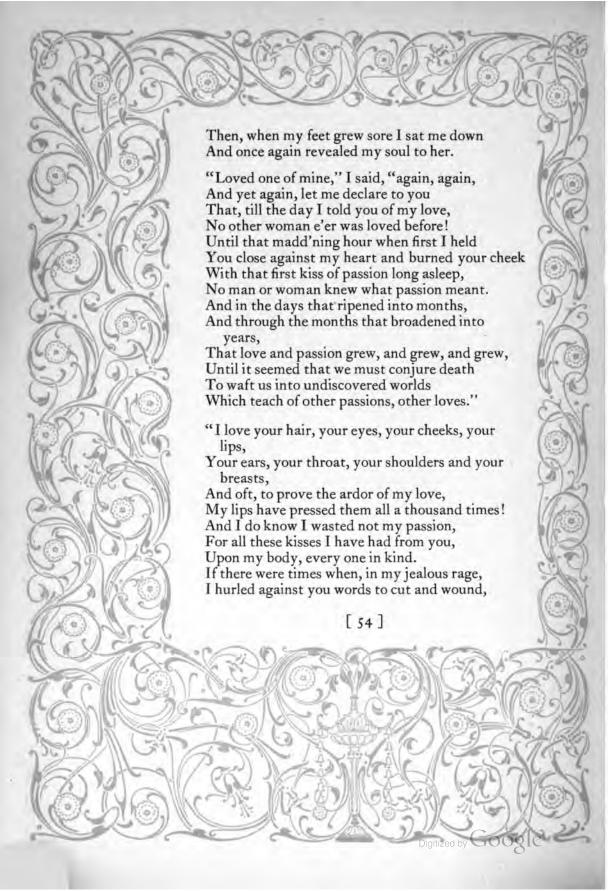
We write what we are told to write sometimes, And think what we are asked to think, because Incisive prodding is best done in rhymes, And there's some glory in amused applause. But in the dignity of Friendship's call There tolls the knell of Ribbald's epitaph, And I were rather dumb beneath its thrall, Than moved to noise impelled by Humor's laugh.

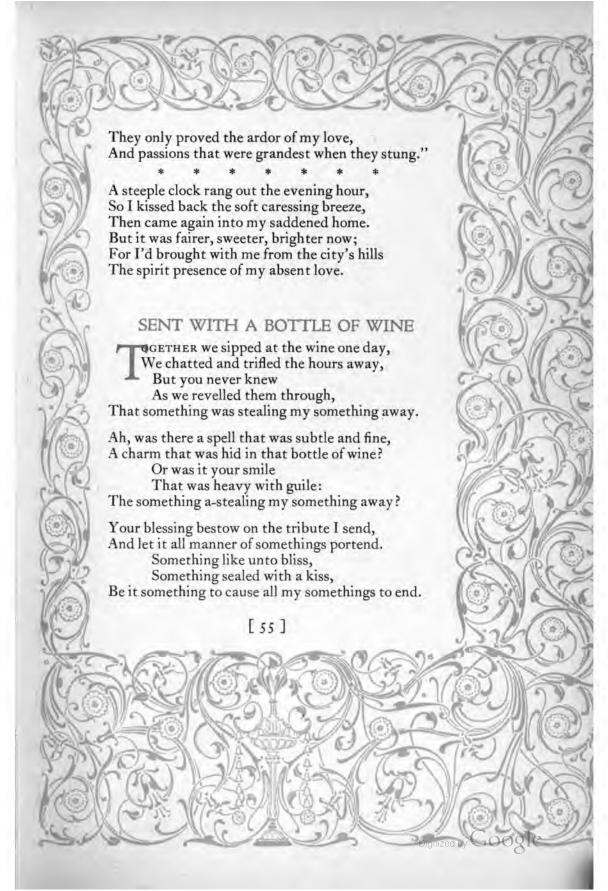
So whispers Conscience to my heart tonight, When bidden to this merry feast of friends Foregathered in the strength of Manhood's might To further seal the bond that never ends, But is as boundless as the round of Time; Sealed unto trust inspired by Fealty's word; And so, I ever keep in tuneful chime Sweet Memory's cadence by affection stirred.

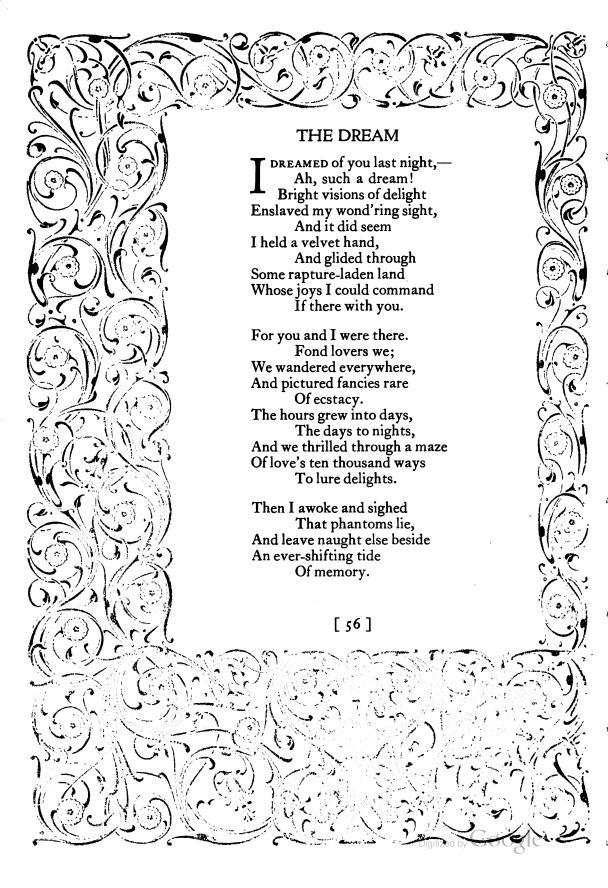


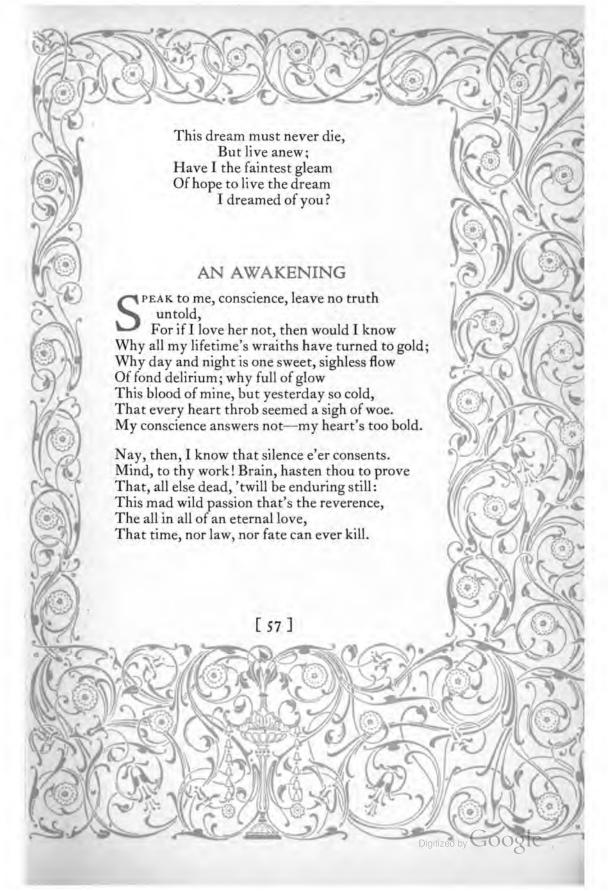




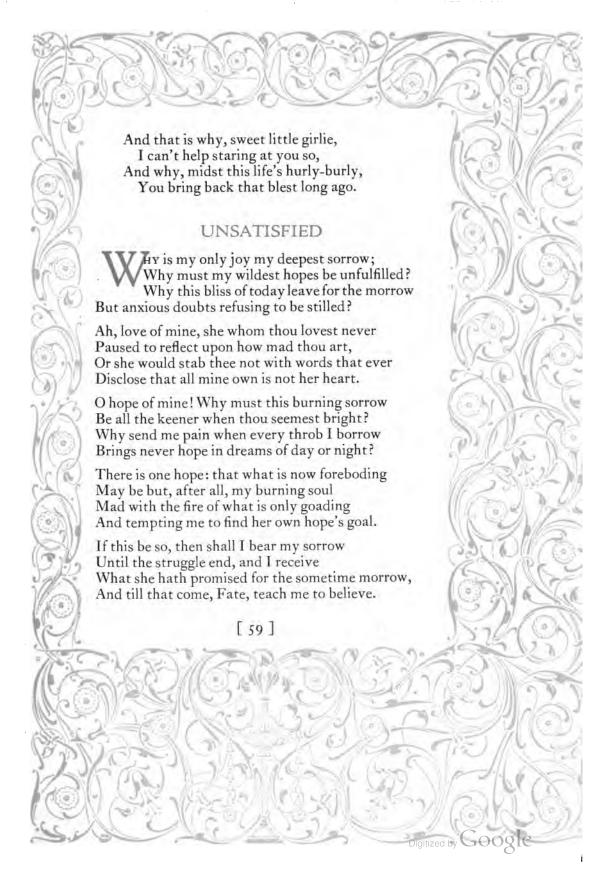


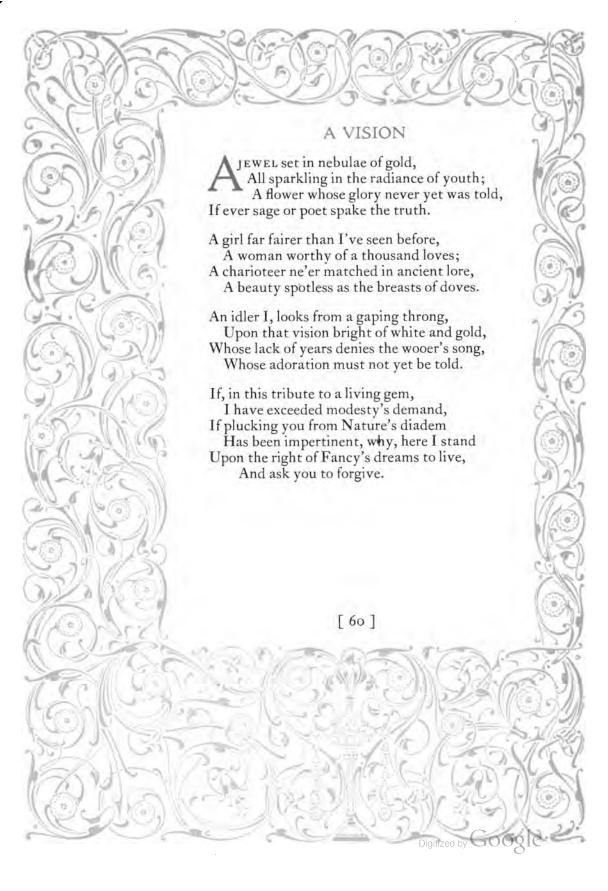


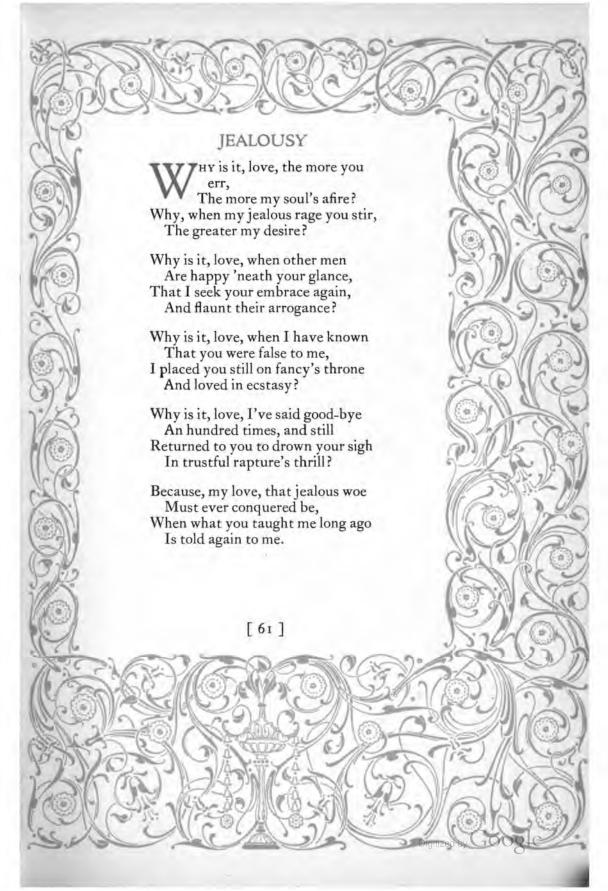


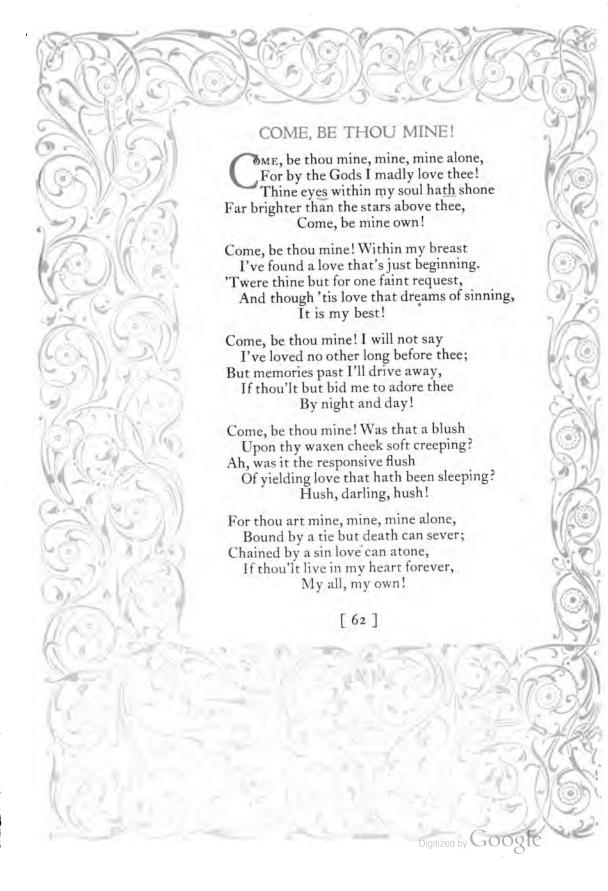


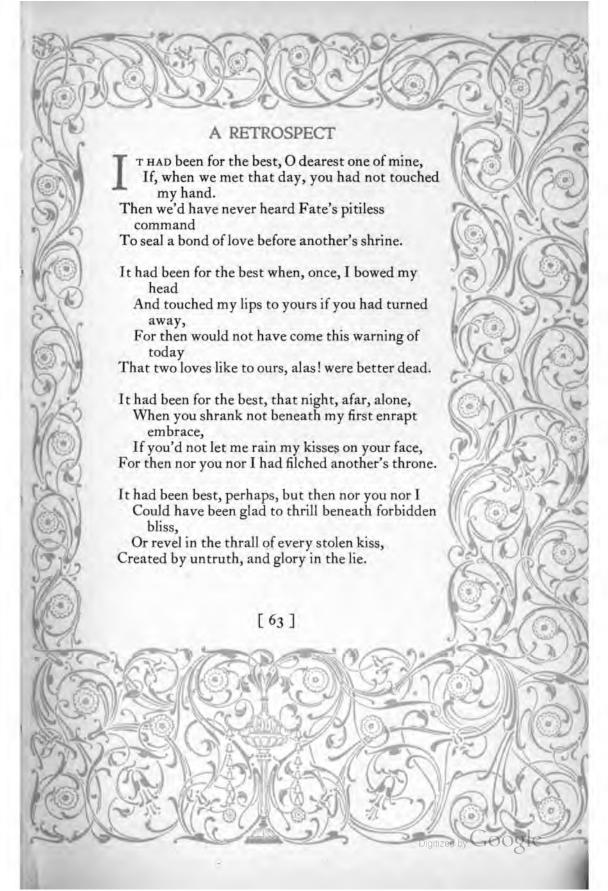


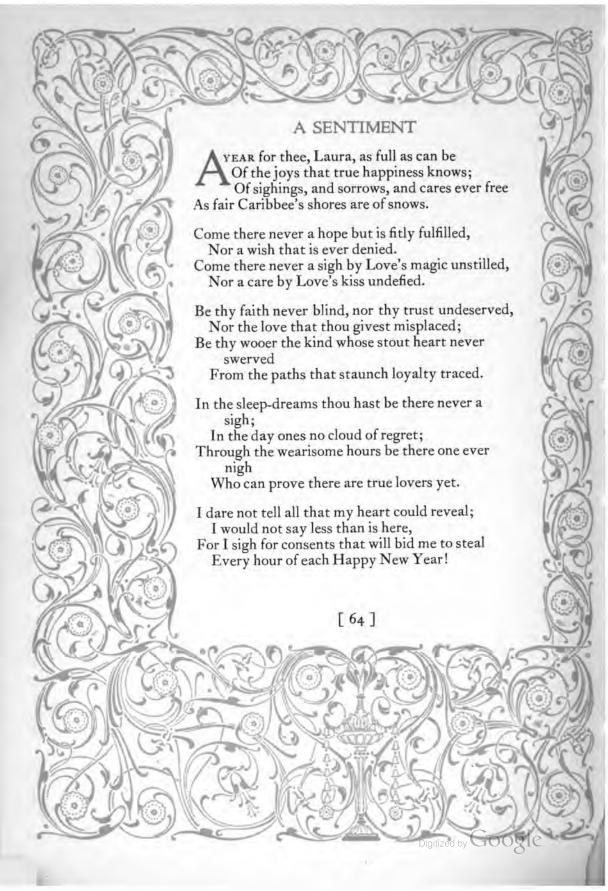


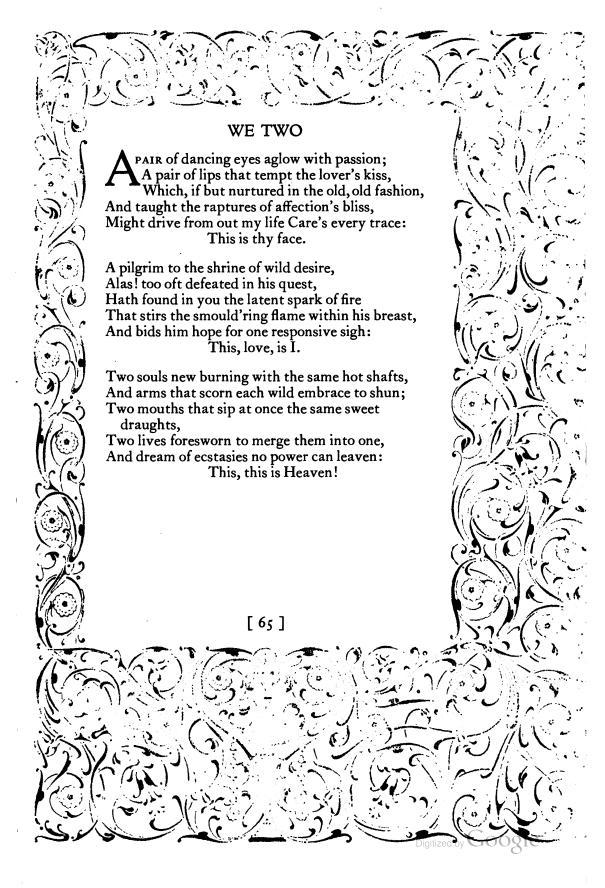


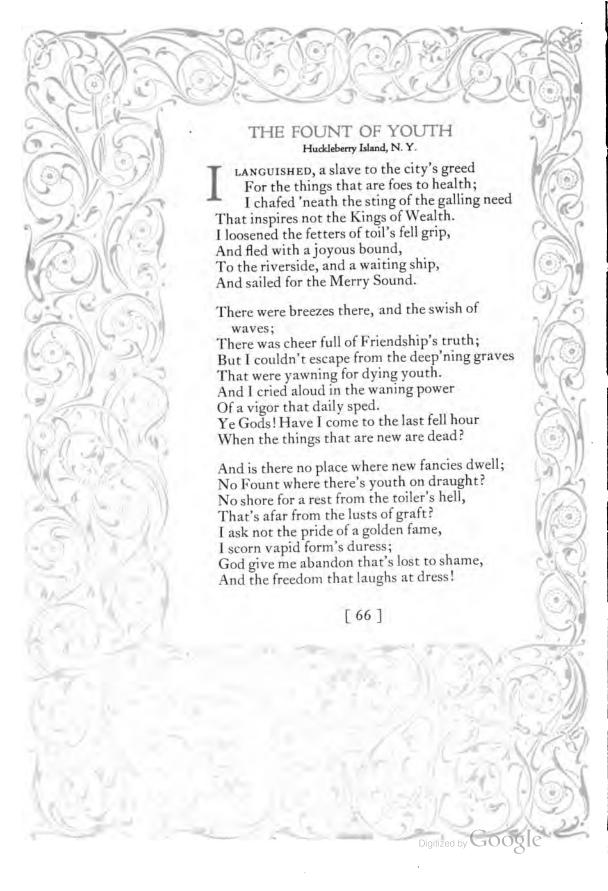


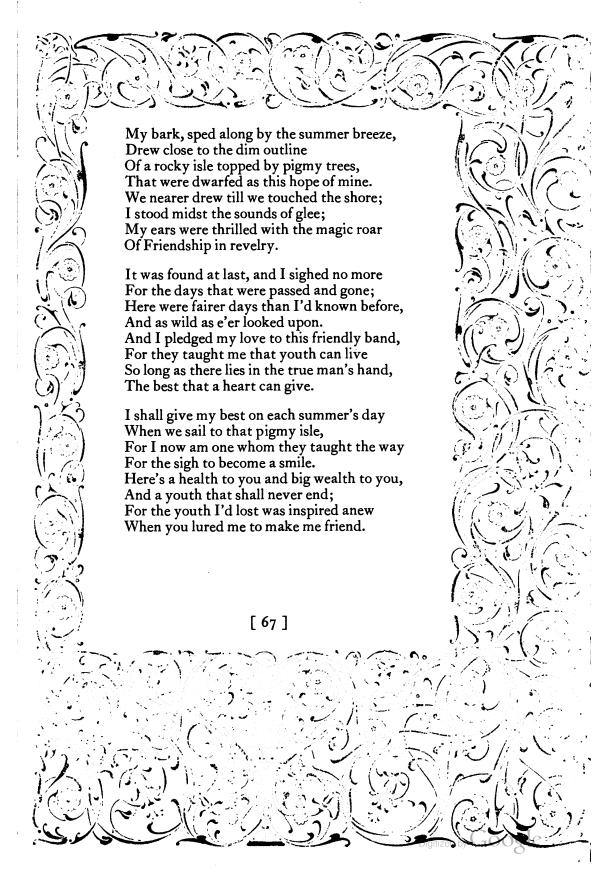


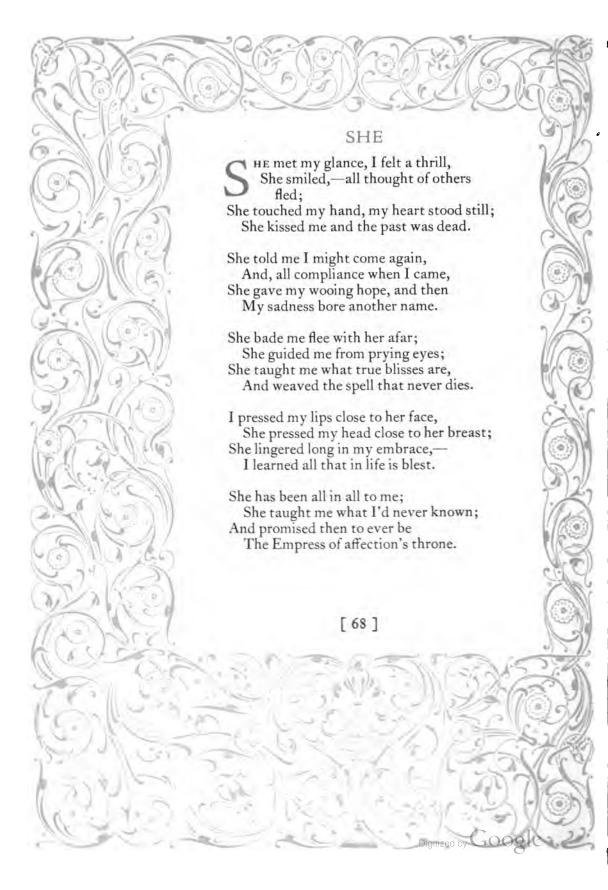


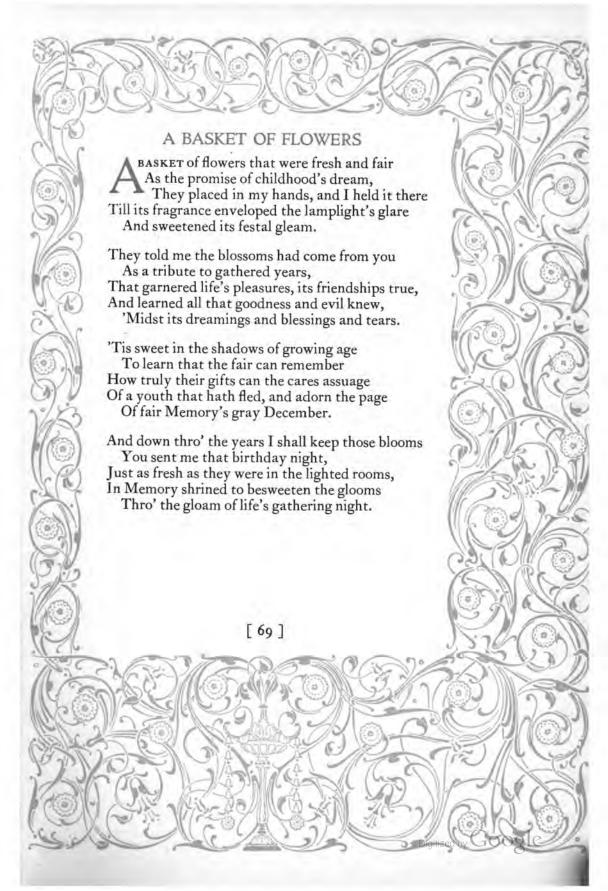


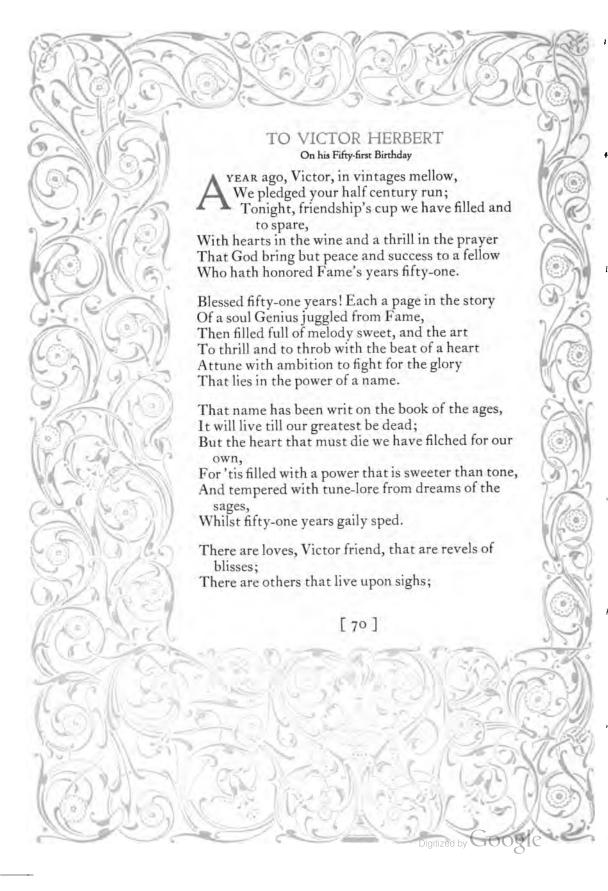


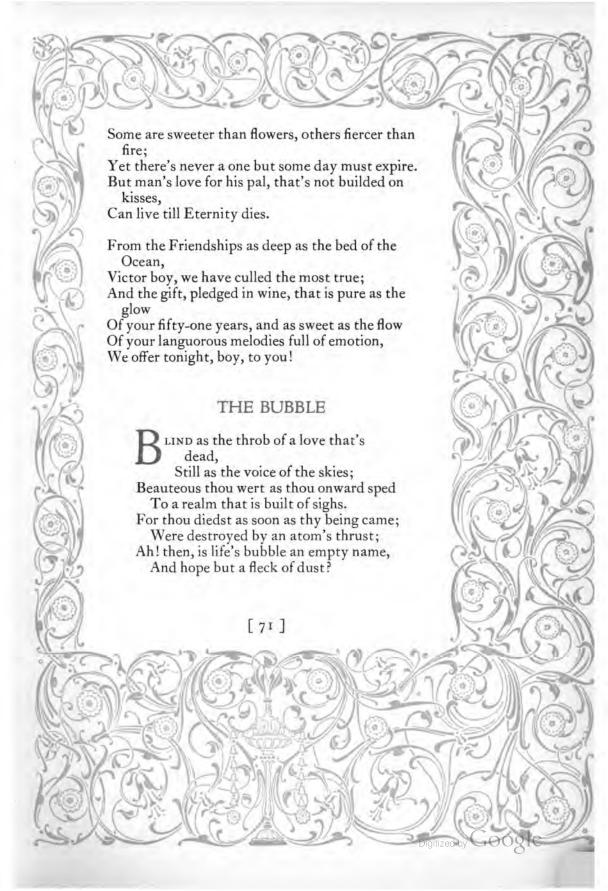


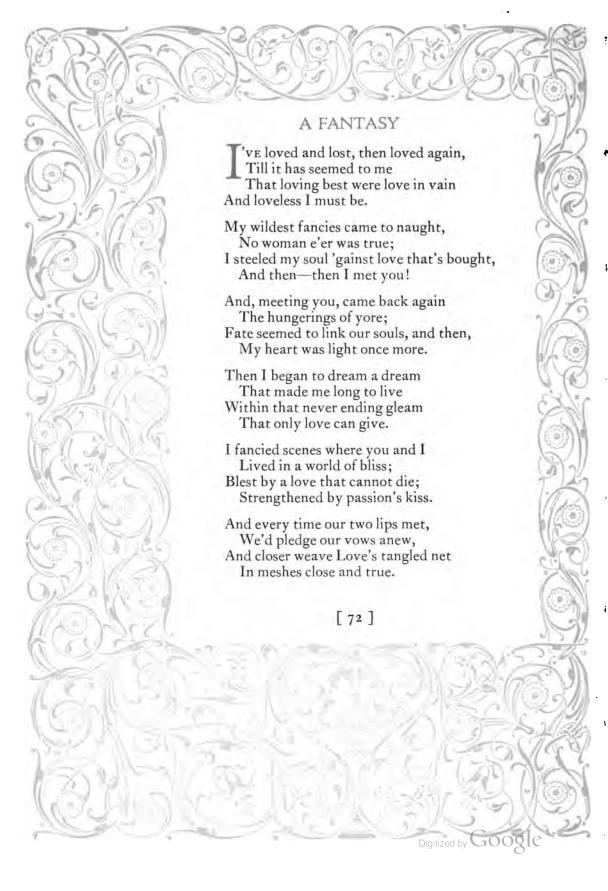


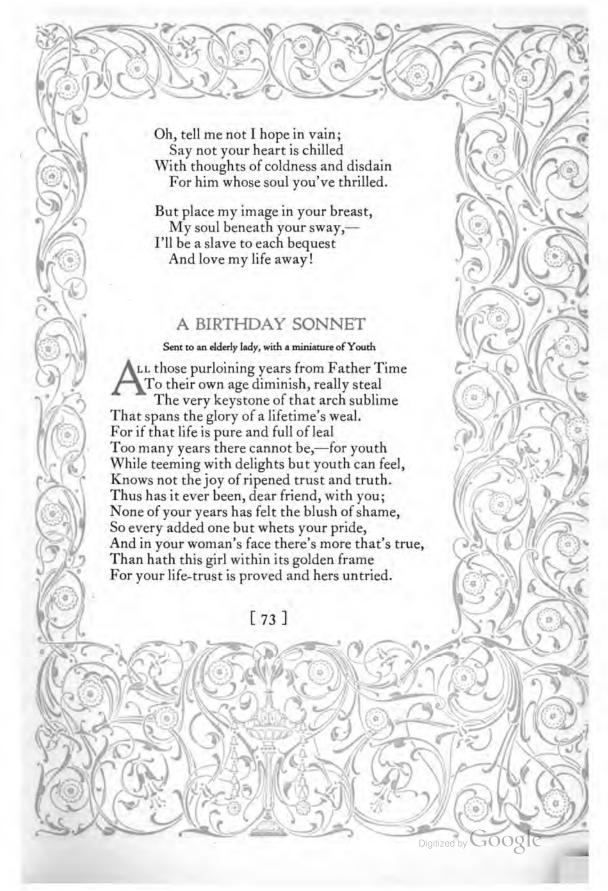


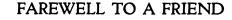












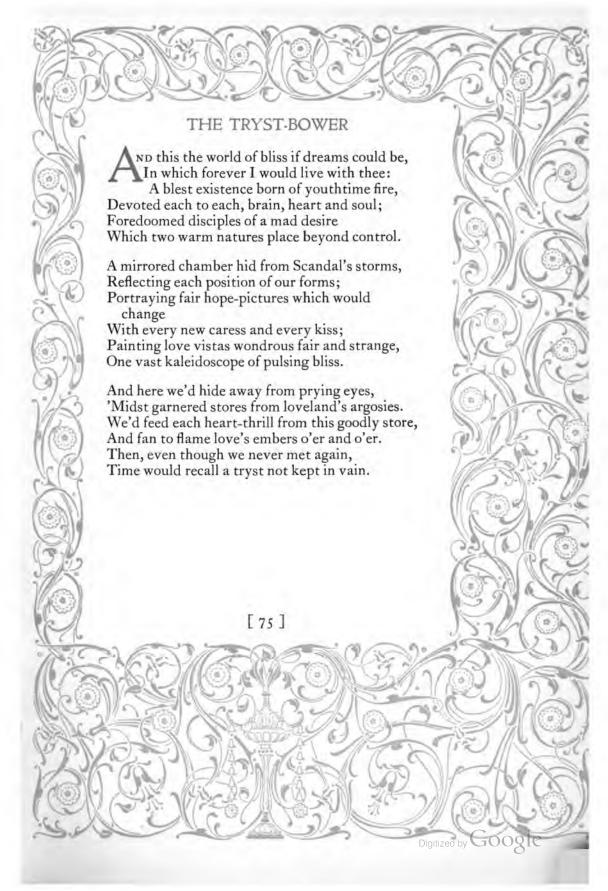
REWELL, farewell! Affection's sigh
Was never breathed with more regret.
The bonds of Friendship's holy tie,
Were never stronger, firmer met
Than now, as I bid thee good-bye,
Good-bye!

Farewell, farewell! Life's turgid stream
Shall wend its fitful journey through;
The glory of thy youthful dream,
May fire ambition's soul anew,
But ne'er forget a friend's esteem.
Adjeu!

Farewell, farewell! You must fare well,
For new-born ardor fires your soul.
Fear not if ill luck's flimsy shell
Should clog thy path to fortune's goal.
Remember, industry must tell—
Farewell!

Farewell, farewell! When I am nigh,
Within thy thought, consult thy heart,
And know that lovers' love's a lie,
For 'tis a bond a word might part,—
But Friendship true can never die,—
Good-bye!

[74]





Ring out the bells with a joyous peal!
A joy that no thought of care is dreading;
A joy that is fraught with the brightest weal,
And the Star of Love its rays are shedding,
O'er the happy throng
That with gift and song

Have come to the Silver Wedding.

Ring out the dreams of the years of bliss!

Awaken the spell of the magic potion

That came with the joy of a lover's kiss;

That was leavened and sweetened by Youth's emotion,

Then found its goal

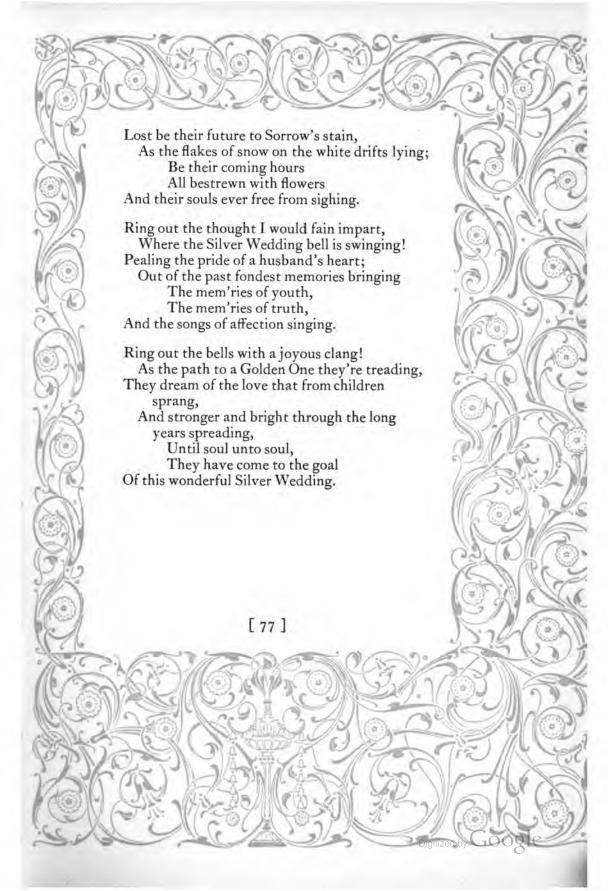
In a woman's soul And the strength of a man's devotion.

Ring out the thread of this lovers' tale,
So wondrous and fair in its dreamy telling!
Ah me! That this feeblest of pens should fail,
When my Friendship's soul with a wish is
swelling,
To sing of the life

Of the faithful wife Who graces this happy dwelling.

Ring out a toast to the honored twain! Ring out the bliss of a love undying;

[76]





Twonder when 'twill end,
This life of hidden sorrow
That seems to bliss portend,
Yet hath no morrow
But bodes of hopes defied,
And dreams fulfilled denied,—

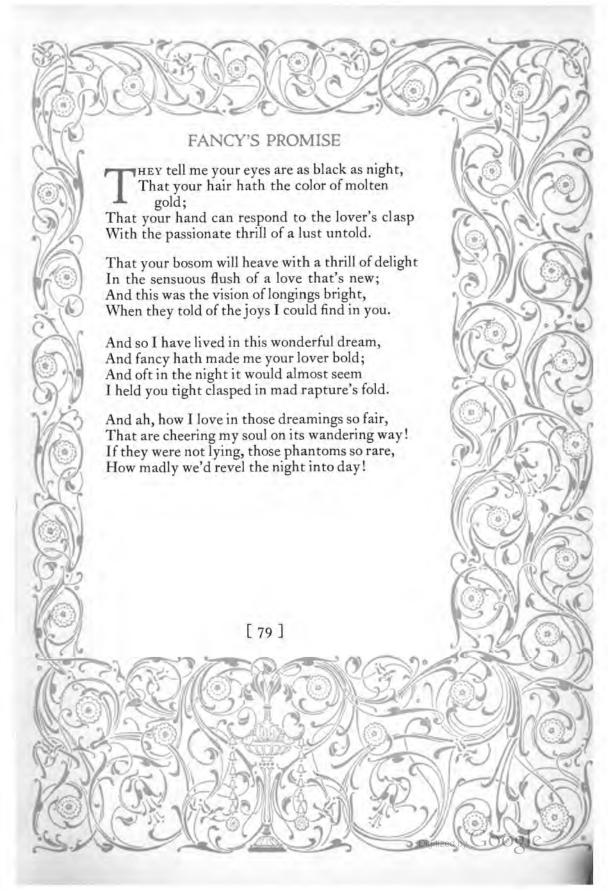
I wonder when 'twill cease
This struggle, cruel, bitter,
That never soul gives peace,
Nor thrall its glitter,
But something steps between
To dull its gladsome sheen,—

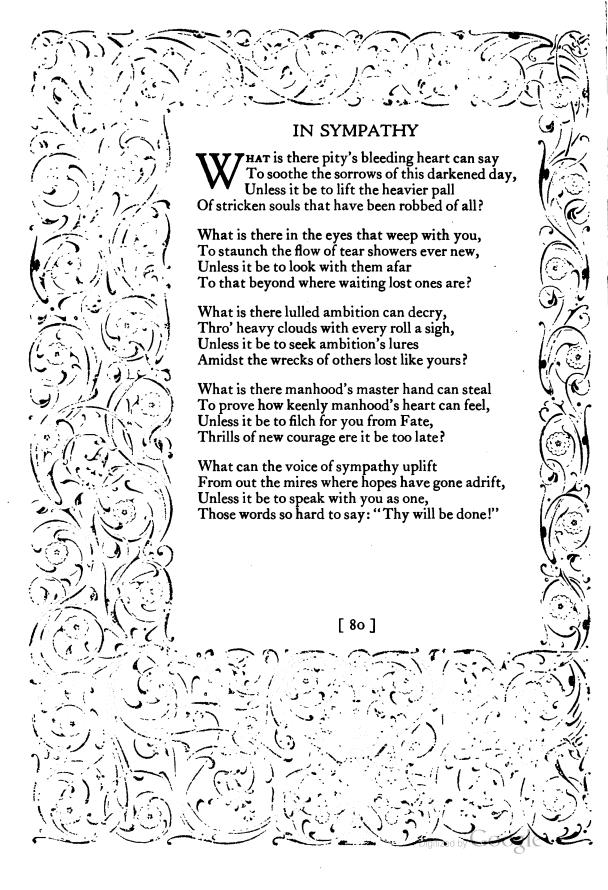
I wonder when?

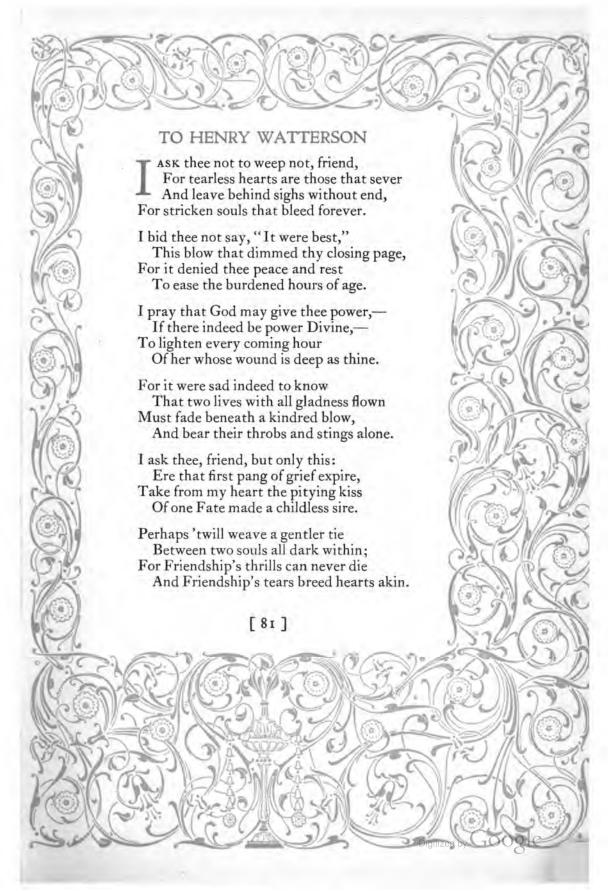
I wonder when?

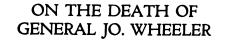
I wonder when 'twill close
Its chapters full of lying;
This love-tale sad that shows
But Destiny's decrying
Of that fair fabric built
Of passion, bliss and guilt,—
I wonder when?

[78]









Ist to the bugle, O heroes in blue,
Hark to the death-roll, O sons of the gray!
Weep for the chieftain, long tried and
found true,

Whose name's writ on memory's tablets today. Droop, droop, starry banner, for him who once fought you

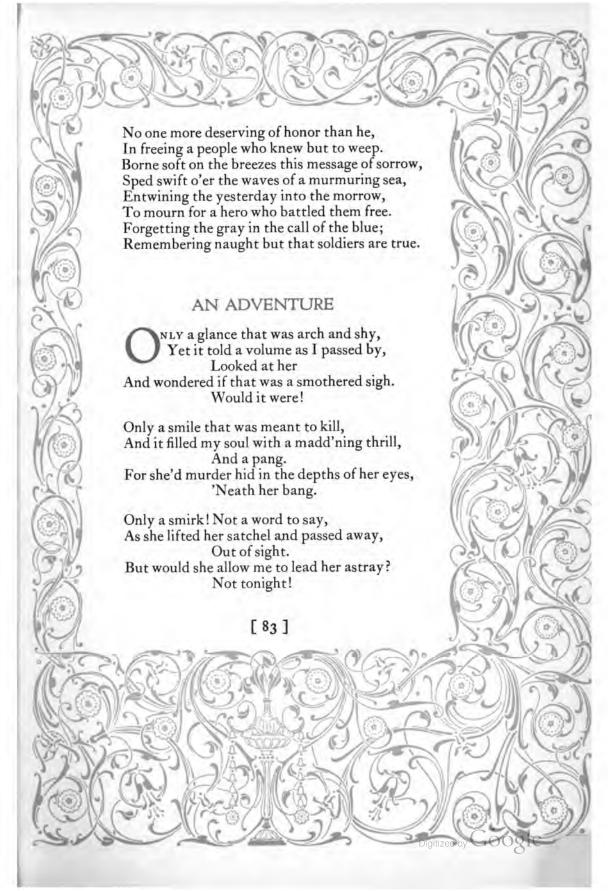
Defending a right that he bled to maintain, Then, when a foeman's spite threatened, he brought you

The might of a sword never wielded in vain. Forgetting the gray in the call of the blue; Remembering naught but that soldiers are true.

March, grizzled comrades of old, to his bier!
Halt, Federal braves with palmetto in hand!
For he that did honor to both lieth here,
Bestrewn with the flowers of a sorrowing land.
Ah, read in that silent form bravery's story;
Ah, hear in the beats of a throng's muffled tread,
The tribute of love to a patriot's glory,
Enrolling a soul midst the great that are dead.
Forgot he the gray in the call of the blue;
Remembering naught but the danger to you.

Hark! From an isle in a tropical sea, There cometh a wail that is tearful and deep;

[82]



GOOD-BYE, JOE COYNE

It's too bad to make light of good-bye, Joe,
In the revel and souse of a "bat,"
But 'twould seem the best way
One's excuses to play
On the thirsts that old Bacchus begat.

And perhaps it were best, after all, Joe,
To enliven the sighs of the years,
With communion of friends

That so very much lends
To the drying of impotent tears.

We have bid you good-bye oft before, Joe,—You were chasing the bubble called fame,—But nobody dined you,
Nor flattered nor wined you,

For you'd never a gloss to your name. But conditions are different now, Joe:

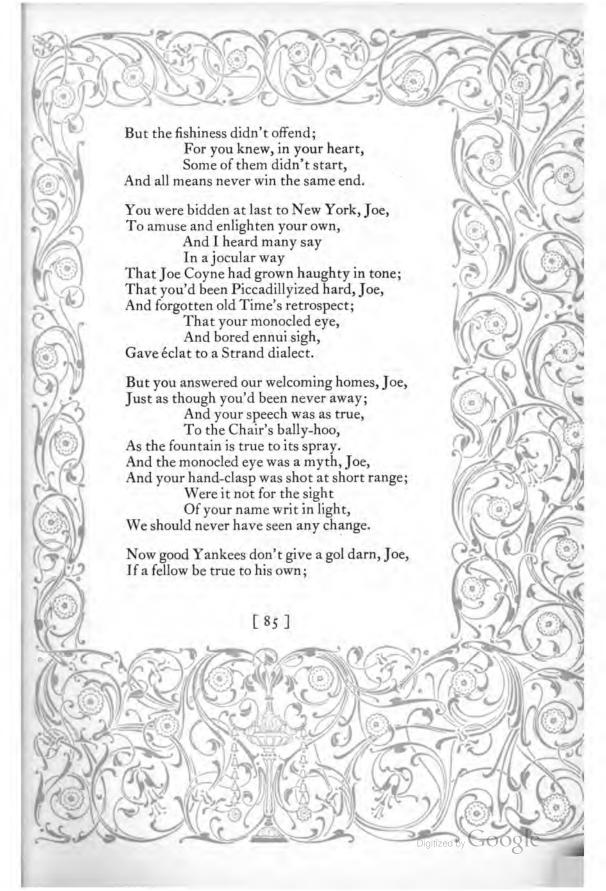
Success lit oblivion's gloam; For when you came back

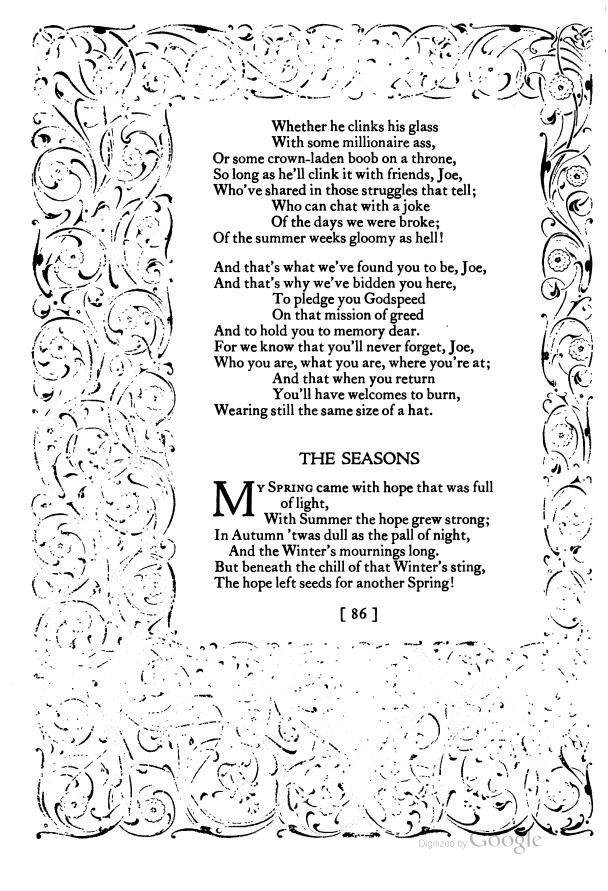
You'd made a good crack At becoming an idol "at 'ome."

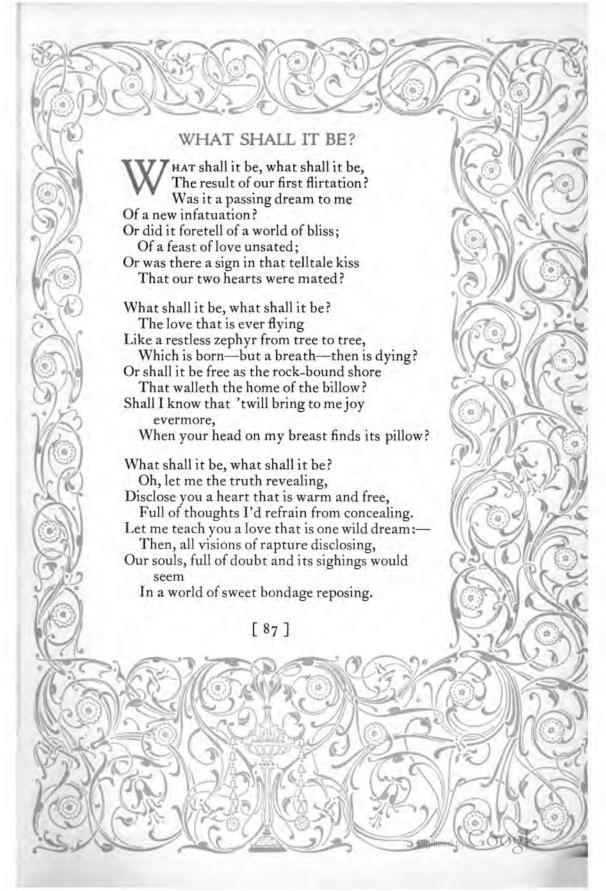
You had captured the hearts of the best, Joe, Princes begged you to make them your pals; Wealthy downgers, too,

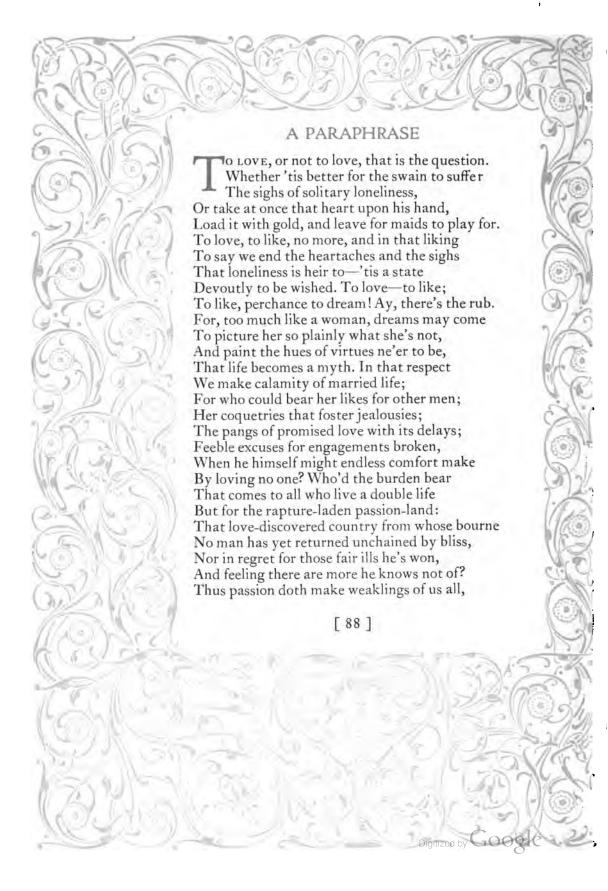
Sized your date-book anew, Not forgetting some donahs and flals. They were poor fish that came to your net, Joe,

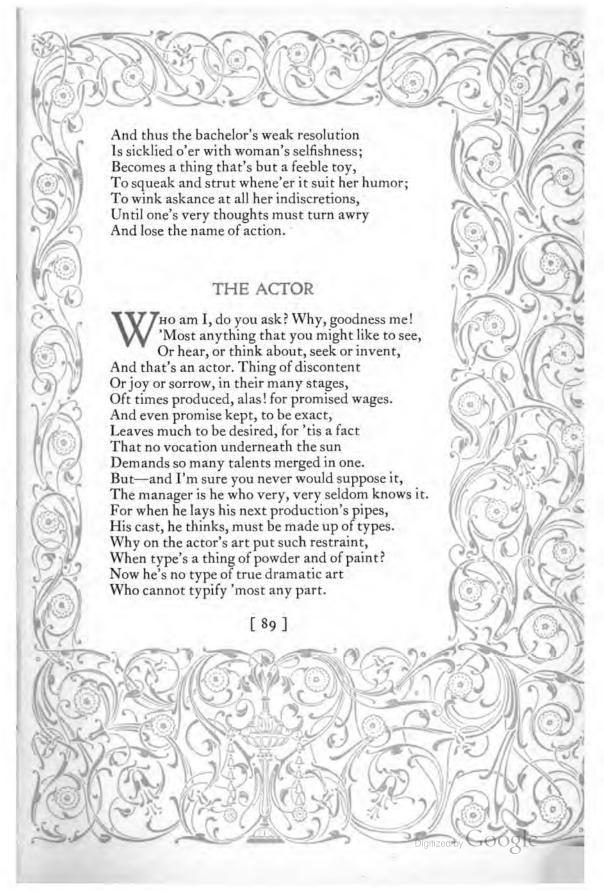
[84]



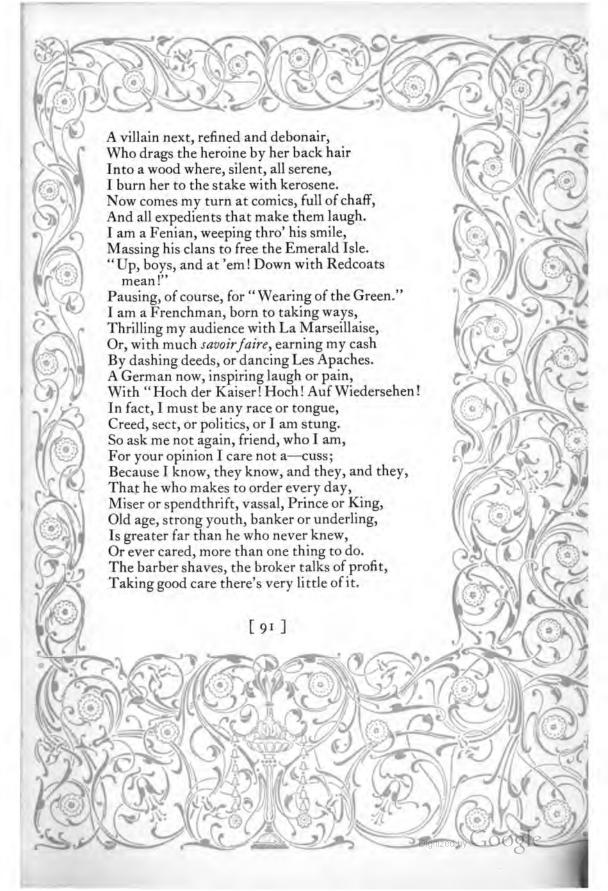


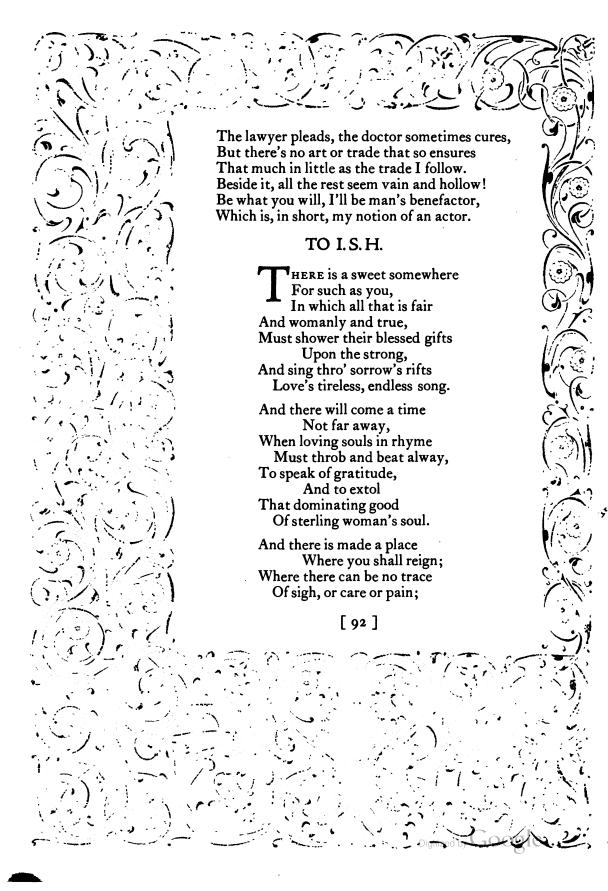


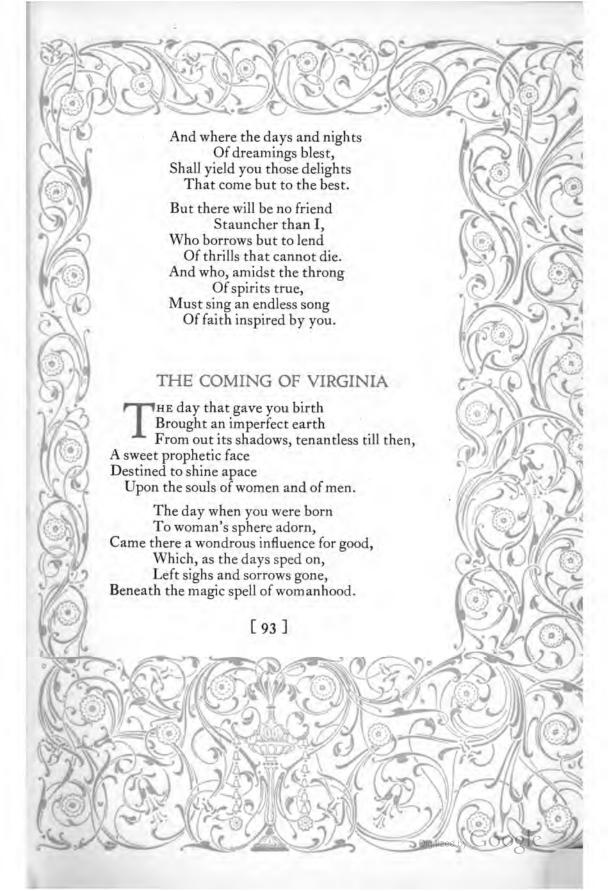


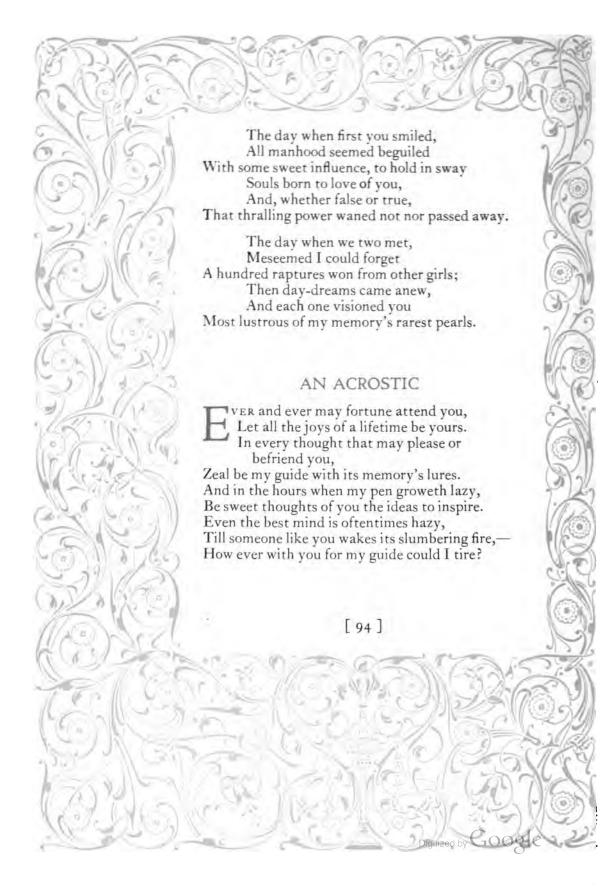


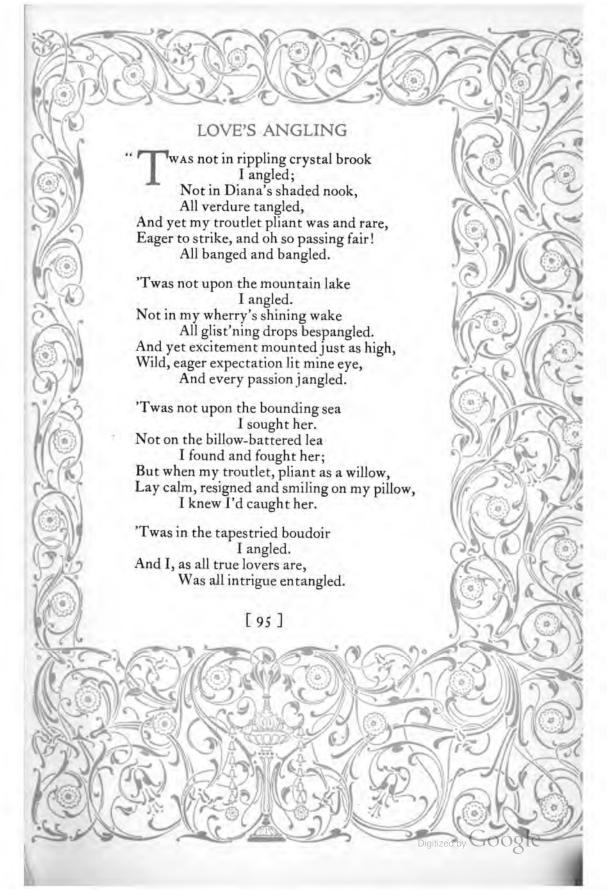
Today I am a doctor giving pills, And feeling pulses for a score of ills; And though no school of medecine I've been through I must deport myself as if I knew. Tomorrow I'm a lawyer, lashed to fury, Defending innocence before a jury; And I must move my audience to tears, Else that dread two weeks' notice surely nears. Now, I'm a beardless youth, to hold in sway Acres of beauty at a matinee; With agony of soul in sorrow's cup, Because some ladylove has passed me up. Next I'm a burglar, masked, forbidding, bad, Robbing a maid after I've killed her dad. Then a detective, keen, alert and sly, With icy mien and calculating eye, Foresworn, however hard, to do or die! A gladiator now, of giant frame, Risking his life for some patrician dame, With shield and sword in most inspiring dash, Which must be good, or—play all gone to smash. Then must I be—O strange reverse of art!— Senility personified, whose flimsy heart Must crack and break, and clothe from top to toe A tottering frame in thrill-inspiring woe. I cast my daughter out: "Hence, erring one! Into the streets, I say!" Then, when that's done, Tomorrow night, along the beaten track, I play the hero bold who brings her back. [90]

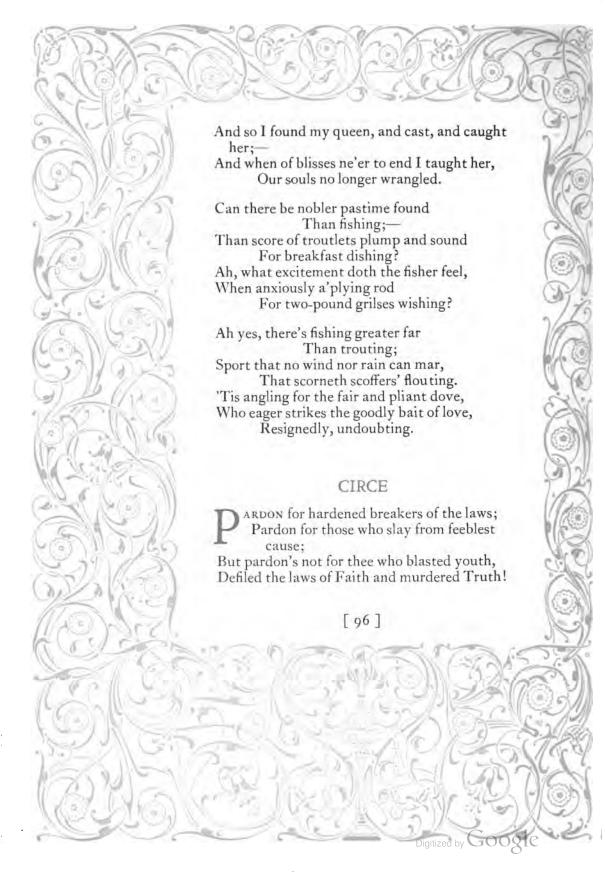


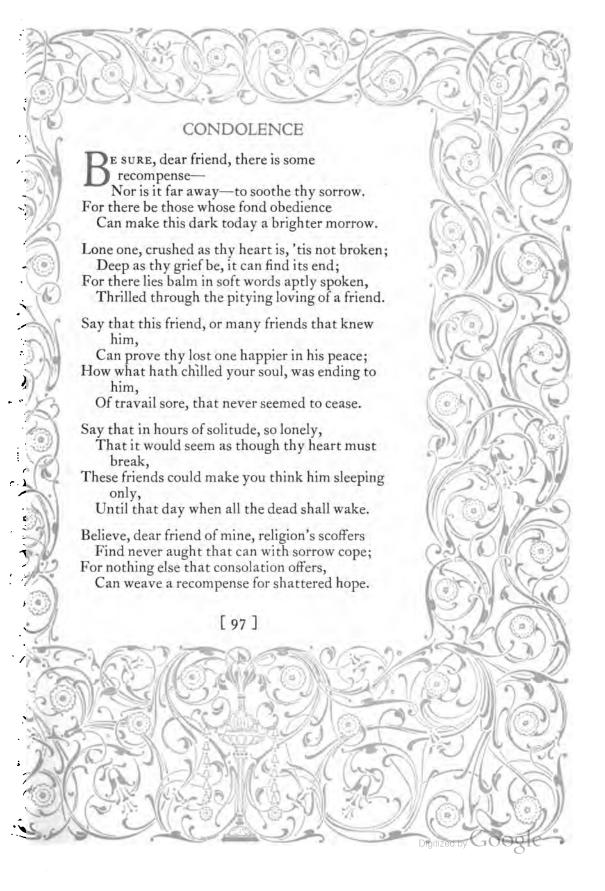


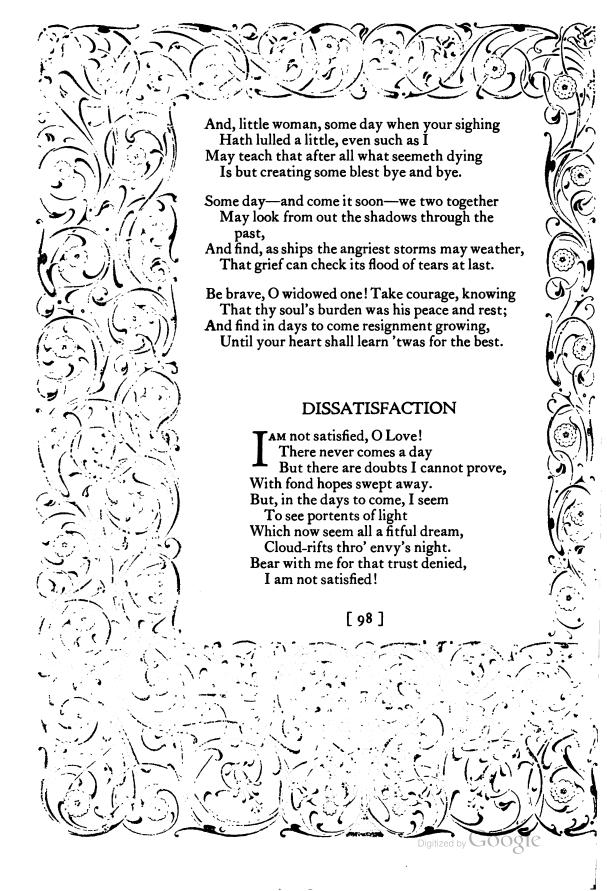


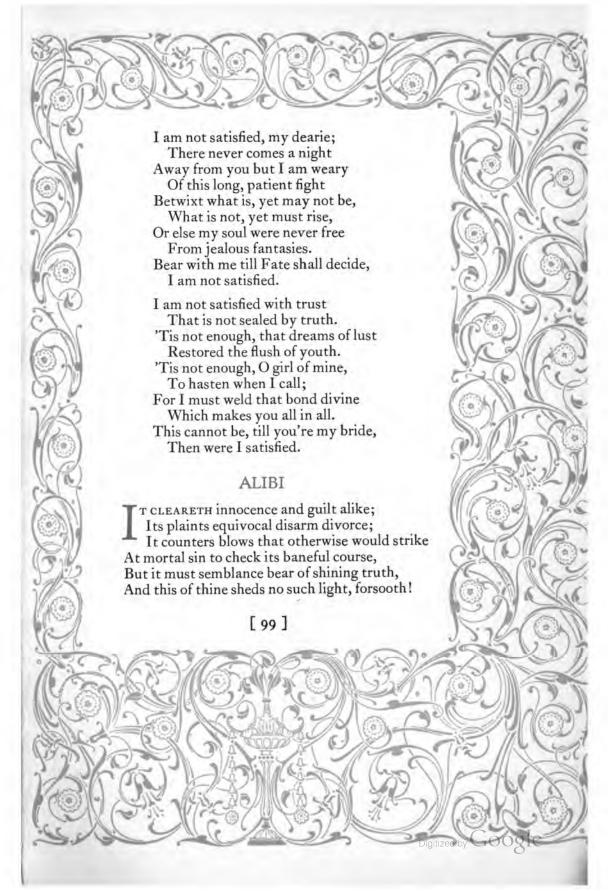


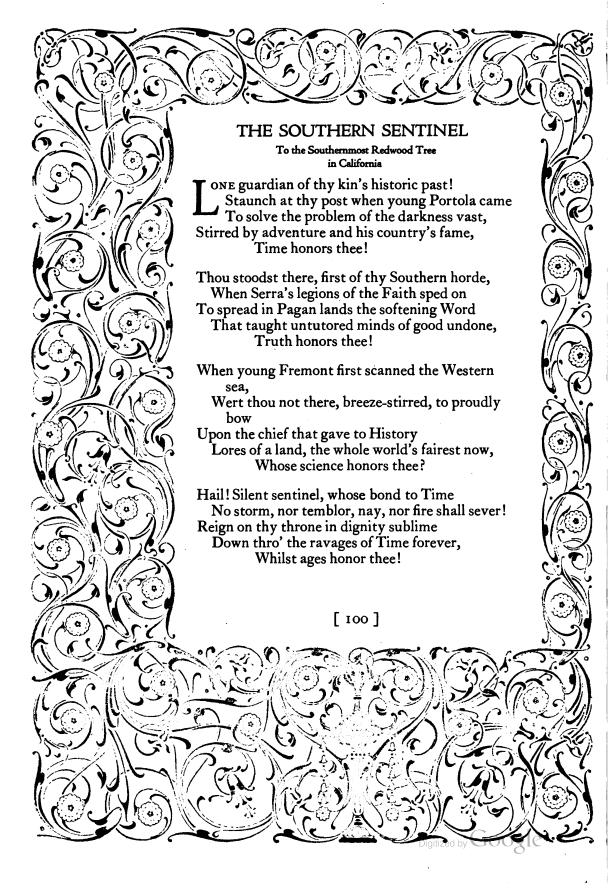


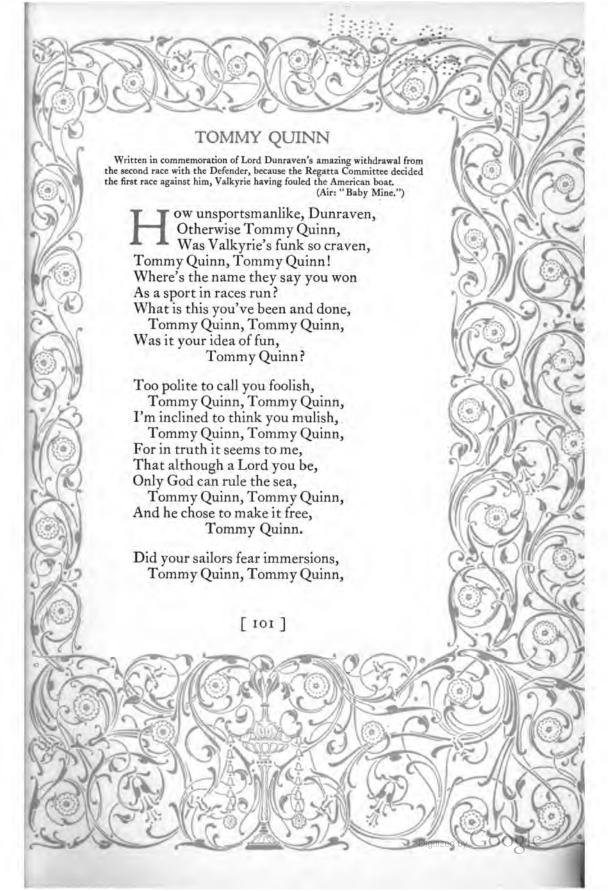


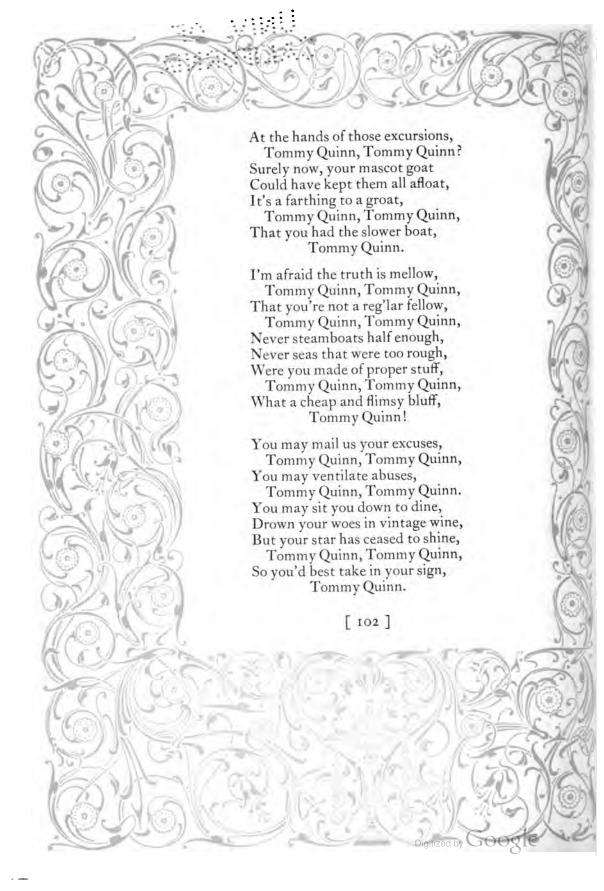


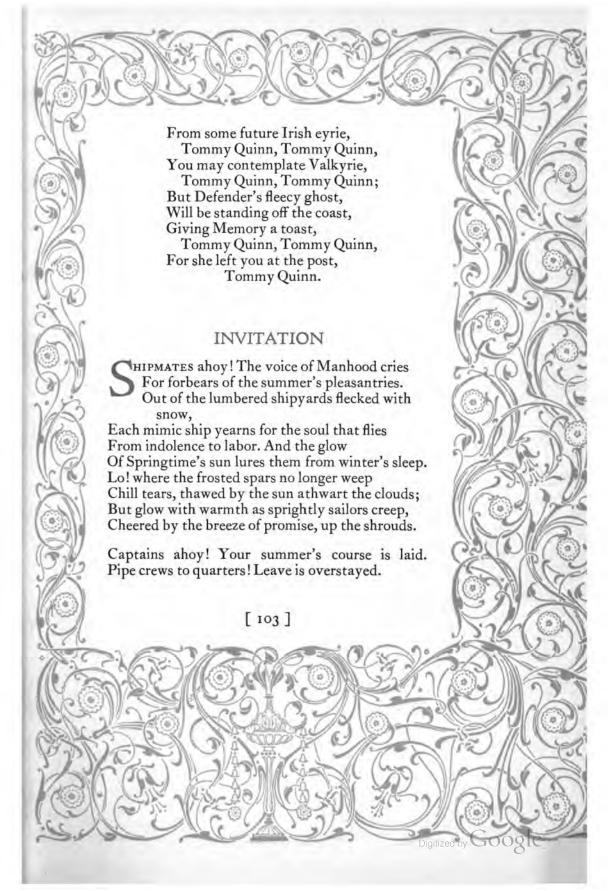




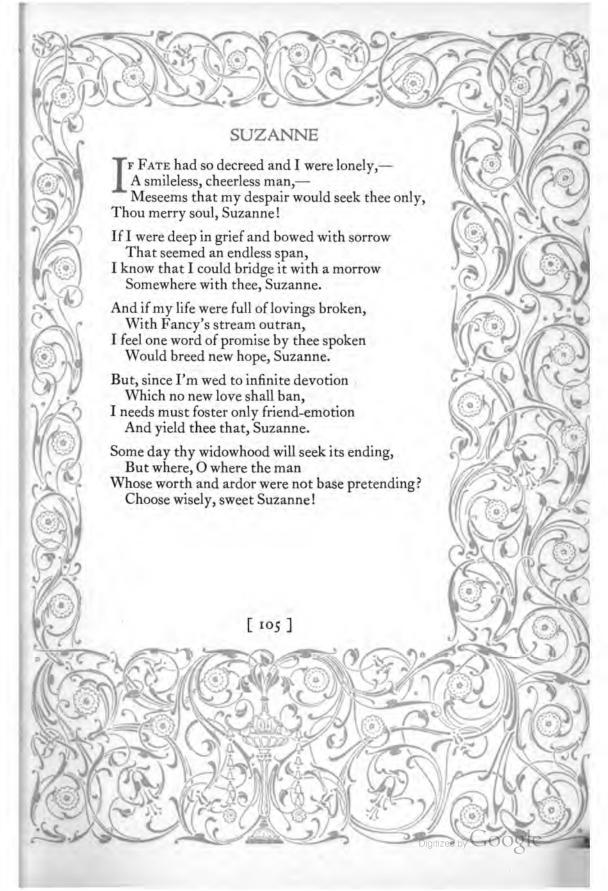


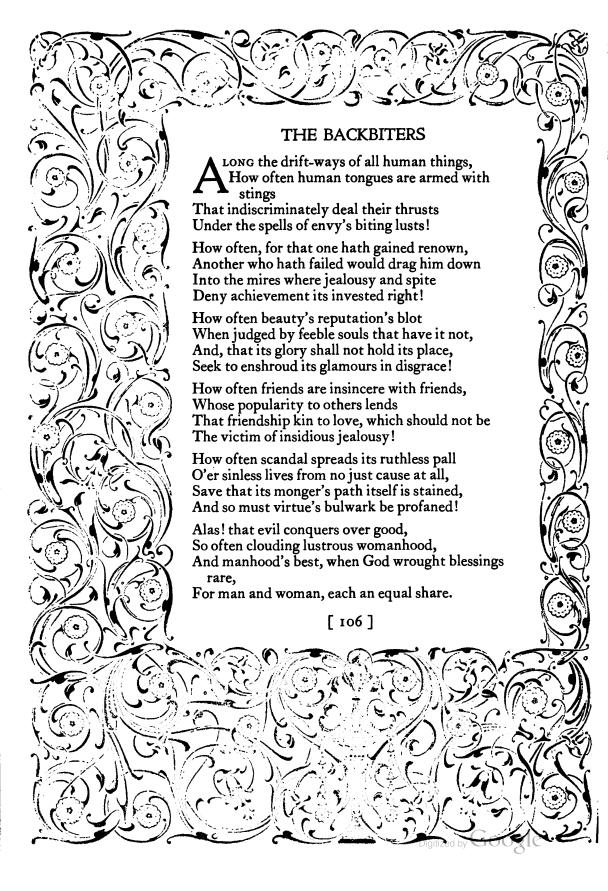


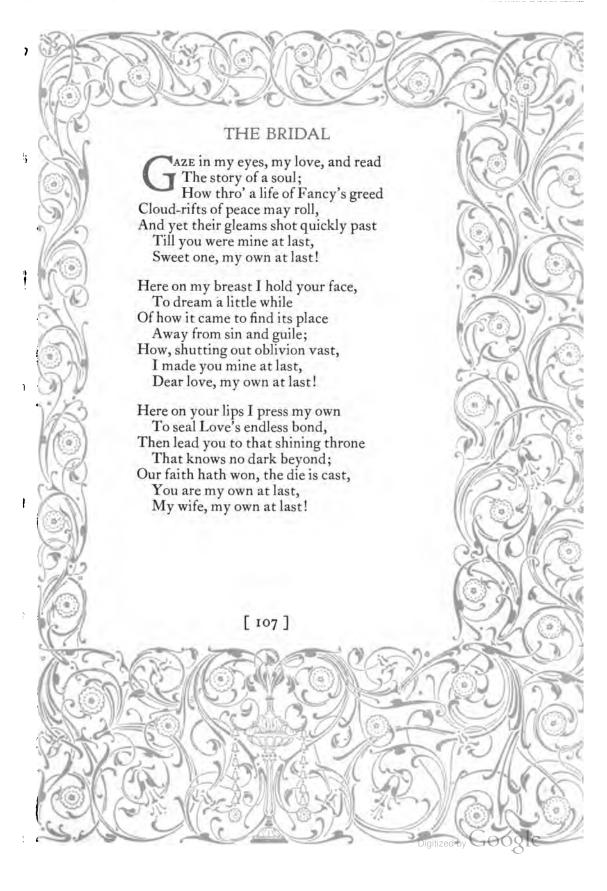


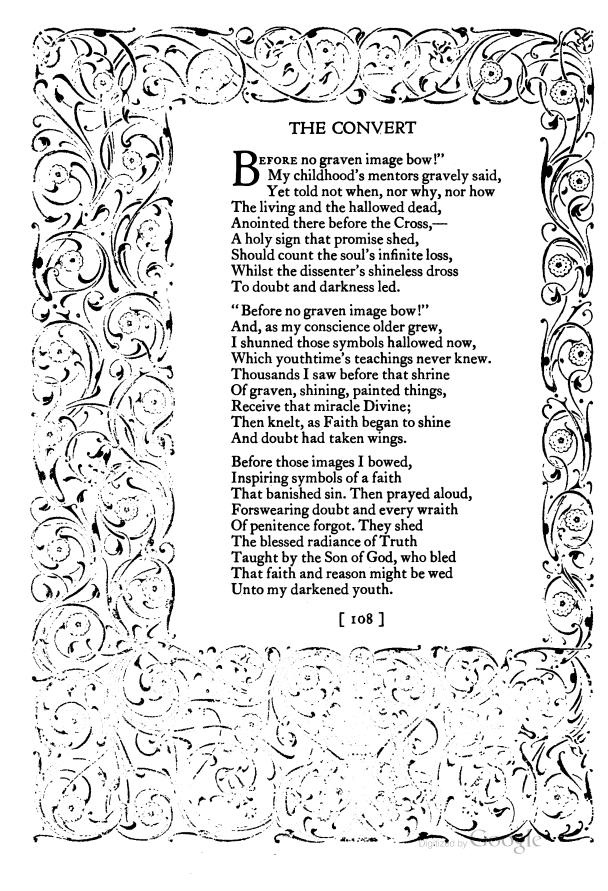


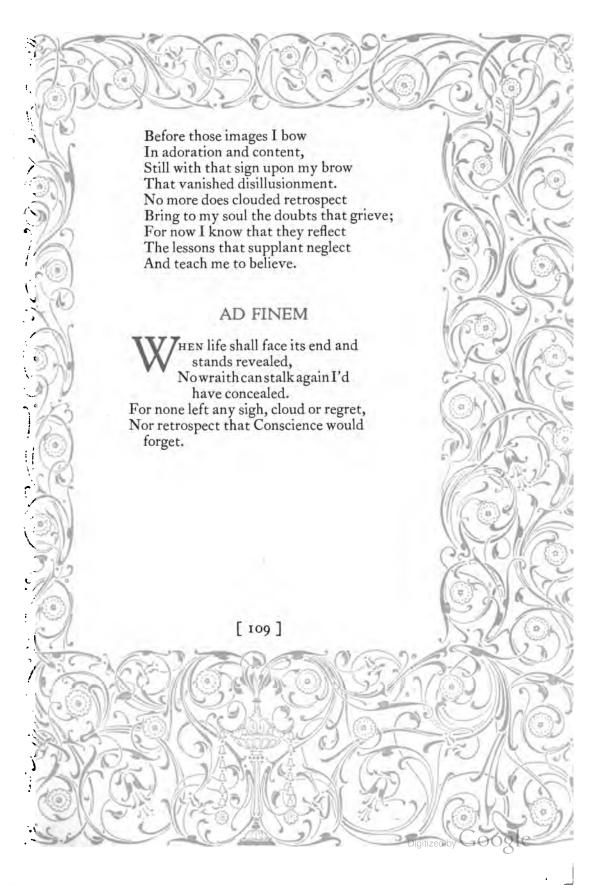
Now Neptune's wind-sprites long to thrum the tune Thro' lines and halliards: "Joy too long hath strayed," For there's but chill beneath the winter moon. 'Vast idling there! But ere the capstan sings, Gather we all at winter's feast, that brings Brave hearts at rest together once again, To bid Godspeed to winter taken wings, And show that Friendship's tongue speaks not in vain. Landsmen ahoy! So are ye welcome too. Our weathered mariners shall lead ye through The maze of vapors shed from fragrant pipes, Tempered by sparkling vintage poured anew, To pledge the yachtsman's mimic stars and stripes. The place, the Astor, in whose banquet hall Song, speech and cheer shall lift the winter's pall. The night, the twelfth of March—no more be told, Save this: that revel's hand shall lead us all From leaden hours to bright ones, cast in gold. [104]











HERE ENDETH THE BOOK OF VERSES OF LOVE, SENTIMENT AND FRIENDSHIP BY MR. CLAY M. GREENE, AND PRINTED BY RICARDO J. OROZCO, IN THE MONTH OF OCTOBER, NINETEEN TWENTY-ONE, AT NUMBER 509 SANSOME STREET, IN THE CITY OF SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, AFTER MANY DAYS OF PLEASANT TOIL WHICH RIPENED INTO MUTUAL ACQUAINT ANCE THAT SHALL BE LONG REMEMBERED. THE FRONTISPIECE AND DECORATIONS WERE DESIGNED BY MR. RAY F. COYLE



